Week ending May 5 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

A FAMOUS EXPLORER'S SEARCH FOR AFRICA'S PYGMIES AND GIANTS

Zanzabuku

by LEWIS COTLOW

The Silent Partner

by WINSTON GRAHAM

Your snaps will do you proud with a new **Kodak** camera

HERE'S a way to make this summer last for always. Get a new 'Kodak' camera and capture your good times in sparkling snapshots. Choose now from this wonderful range of new season models. They're easy to carry, easy for anyone to use. Many of them have built-in contacts for flash pictures with the 'Kodak' Flasholder. And remember, every 'Kodak' camera is built to go on taking good snaps year after year. Call at your Kodak dealer's today.

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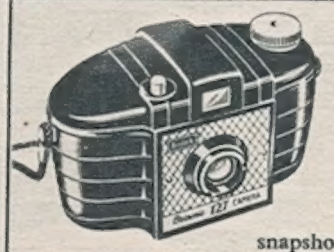
The best-loved camera in the world. Takes eight 2¼" x 3¼" pictures on 'Kodak' 620 film. Choice of 4 models from Model C at **41/8d.** to Model F with built-in close-up lens, filter, flash contacts, de luxe cream and brown finish at **62/7d.** inc. tax.



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A proved favourite now made even better. Big hooded viewfinder gives brilliant preview of picture. Built-in flash contacts. Takes 12 pictures 2¼" x 2¼" on 'Kodak' 620 film. **£4.3.5d.** inc. tax.

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Sturdy, easy-to-use folding type for eight 2¼" x 3¼" snaps on 'Kodak' 620 film. Choose from 2 models. Junior I with meniscus lens. **£6.1.8d.** inc. tax. Junior II with *f*6.3 'Anaston' lens, 2-speed shutter and flash contacts. **£8.15.2d.** inc. tax.

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A handsome eye-level camera with very complete range of equipment for its price. Built-in close-up lens, filter and flash contacts. Takes 12 pictures 2¼" x 2¼" on 'Kodak' 120 film. **48/8d.** inc. tax.

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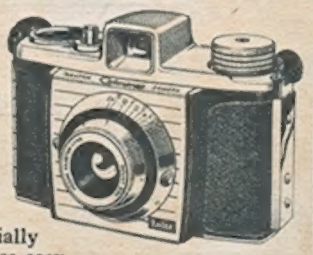

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Many of the Kodak cameras shown here have built-in flash contacts. This means they're made to take a 'Kodak' Flasholder for press-the-button flash-snaps. When you buy your camera buy a Flasholder at the same time.

TODAY—AS ON EVERY DAY SINCE 1888 —MORE PICTURES ARE BEING MADE THE WORLD OVER WITH KODAK FILM AND CAMERAS THAN WITH ANY OTHER

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JOHN BULL

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 MAY 5 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2601

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Dr. Frank George and his daughter Clare

"I AM quite certain that I would never live happily in the robot age of the future," admits Dr. Frank George, who writes about automation on page 25. He would far rather "laze about at the Bath cricket festival and watch Somerset lose." Jacqueline, his wife, is more enthusiastic. She looks forward happily to the robot kitchen which, fed with the correct instructions, could cook a family's meals for a month; but she hopes that it would allow her to cook one meal a week.

George, who is thirty-five, is a lecturer in psychology at Bristol University. He spent most of the war with Jimmy Edwards in Canada as a flying instructor, and then "stumbled" into mathematics and psychology at Cambridge. His greatest love, however, has always been literature, and he hopes that his first novel (it has nothing to do with robots) will be published shortly.

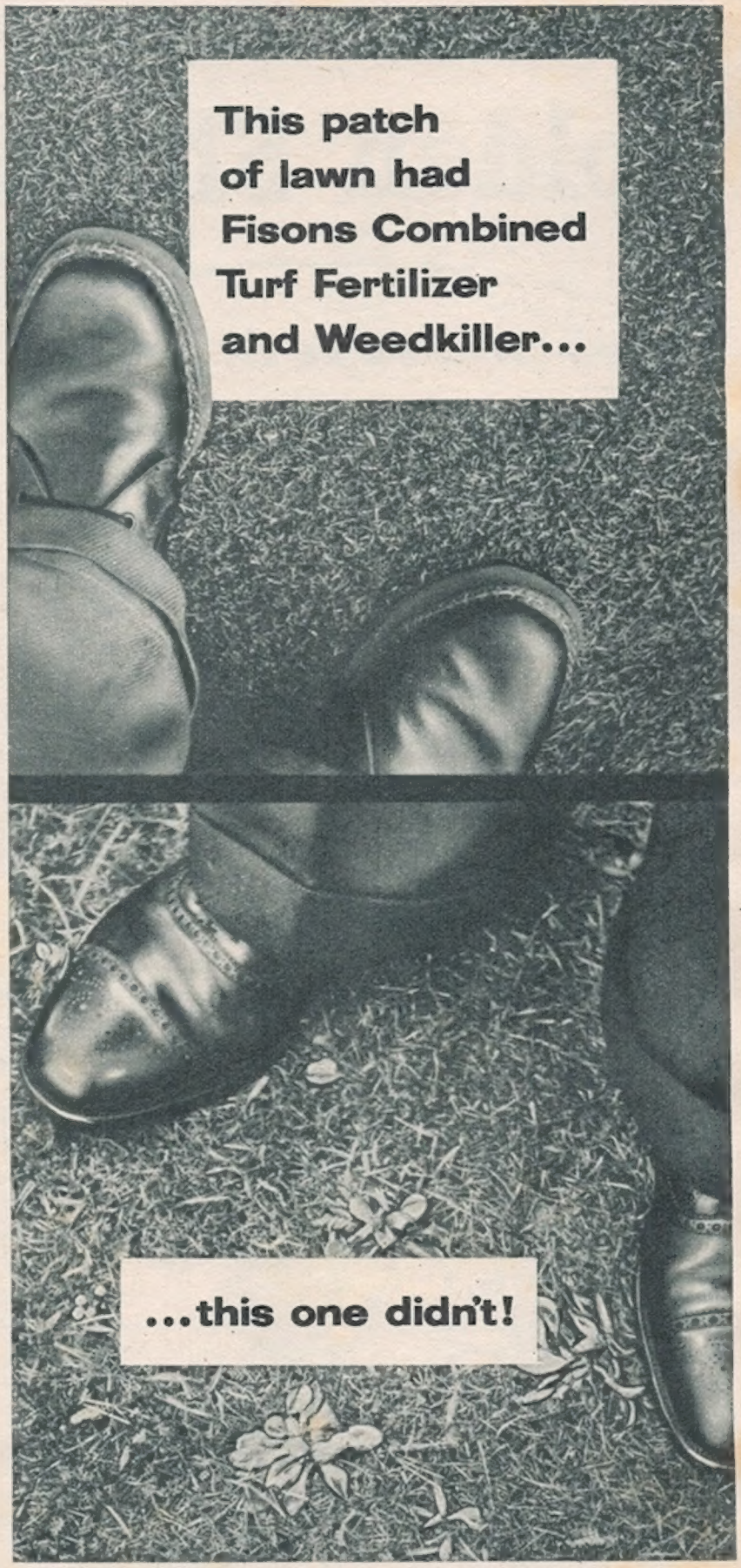
Britain, says George, must develop large-scale automation now, or we will be threatened with economic extinction by the Russians, who will have better robots as well as a slave labour force.

There are, so far, no robots on the march in the flat at Clifton where the Georges live with their two daughters, Clare, aged five, and Karen, seven months. On the contrary, Dr. George is frequently reminded that the electric light in the kitchen needs fixing. "It always seems to be going wrong," he complains. "I can't understand it."

LEWIS COTLOW, the explorer, leads a double life. At home in New York he is a prosperous insurance broker; when travelling he is an intrepid adventurer with an insatiable curiosity about people that has already taken him into eighty countries. He is a past president of the Adventurers' Club, a member of the Explorers' Club, and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

For *Amazon Headhunters*, which JOHN BULL published in 1953, he made three trips high up the Amazon, filming the lives of the Jivaro headhunters; and he has penetrated three times into some of the wildest parts of Africa to learn about its primitive peoples.

Zanzabuku, the title of his latest book, which begins on page 11, is a word in the pygmy language which means perilous journey. He came across it when he wanted to film Congo natives bridging a river. None of them wanted to make the dangerous initial crossing, and when one at last was persuaded to try he was nearly killed. He returned shouting: "*Zanzabuku! Zanzabuku!*"—and refused to try again.



Up with the grass—Down with the weeds!

Now in cartons 3/6, and 7 lb., 14 lb., 28 lb., 56 lb., and 1 cwt. bags, each with full instructions.

If you pride yourself on your lawn, yet despair because of the weeds, take heart. Fisons Combined Turf Fertilizer and Weedkiller does both the important lawn jobs. It feeds the grass *and kills the weeds*, all in one operation.

With Fisons Combined Turf Fertilizer and Weedkiller it's a simple matter to get your lawn looking immaculate. A perfectly balanced blend of high grade turf fertilizer and selective weedkiller, Fisons Combined Turf Fertilizer and Weedkiller is specially designed to give you rich, velvety and *weedless* lawns.

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Fisons makes your garden grow

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per 1 lb. jar

(Price in Northern Ireland 1/5½)

Have you a GOLLIWOG BROOCH?

You can still get a beautiful enamel Golliwog Brooch. Ask your Grocer for an entry form and collect the paper Golliwogs with every jar.

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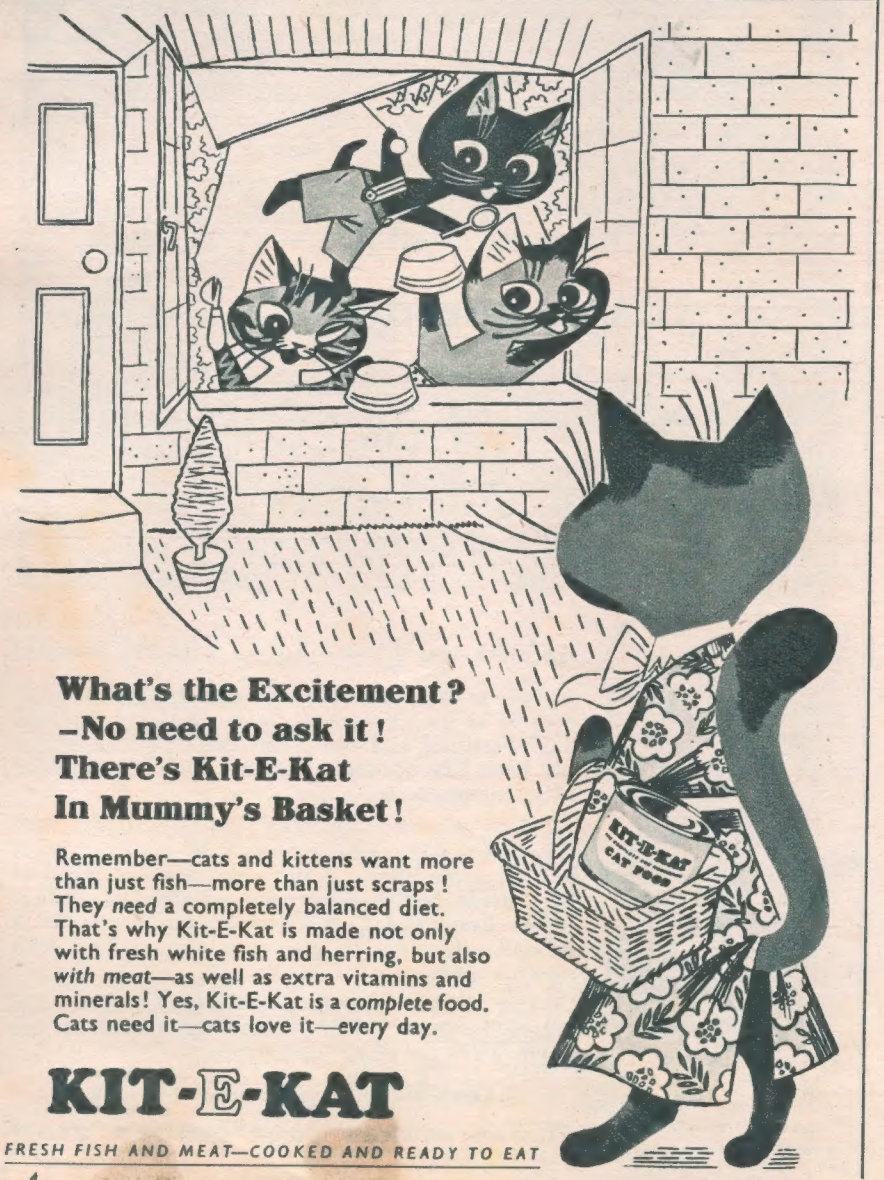

What's the Excitement?
–No need to ask it!
There's Kit-E-Kat
In Mummy's Basket!

Remember—cats and kittens want more than just fish—more than just scraps! They *need* a completely balanced diet. That's why Kit-E-Kat is made not only with fresh white fish and herring, but also *with meat*—as well as extra vitamins and minerals! Yes, Kit-E-Kat is a *complete* food. Cats need it—cats love it—*every* day.

KIT-E-KAT

FRESH FISH AND MEAT—COOKED AND READY TO EAT

Free Speech

- **Should London skim the cream of sport?**
- **Unpaid bills are no credit to Britain**
- **Deeds not words give cue to youth**

MANY of the spectators at Wembley this week will just treat the cup final as a social occasion—a pleasant afternoon out for foreign diplomats, tourists and business men entertaining their clients.

We in the north have watched our teams battle their way through round after round, only to have the final whisked south, miles from the towns where genuine interest—sporting and local—is at its height.

As far as I am concerned, London has not the slightest justification for claiming Saturday's game between Birmingham and Manchester City. The capital should take its turn with the provinces with the big sports events in which there is an overwhelming provincial interest. An even stronger case can be made out for Rugby League cup finals, held at Wembley—for there are no Rugby League teams whatever in the south.

I don't suggest that the Boat Race should be rowed on the Manchester Ship Canal, but I do believe that provincial sports fans should get a fairer deal.—L. B. T., Manchester.

Their Hero

The worship of Davy Crockett by the children of today takes my mind back to a similar character of my boyhood—Deadwood Dick. We had no cinemas, of course, to bring our hero to life, but we would avidly devour his astounding exploits in the "penny bloods" which formed the greater part of our literature. Dick was a real person, too—a Cornishman named Bullock—but I imagine his adventures were rather embellished.—B. ROUTER, Plymouth, Devon.

Taking Toll

About half a mile out of Eynsham, on the A.4141 road into Oxford, is the privately owned Swinford Toll Bridge, which was built in 1865. I drive over this every day and have to pay fivepence to take my car across, there being no return or season tickets. It costs me £12 a year to cross it to and from work.

I believe it is time that tolls were abolished so that payers of the annual road tax could use the public highways without let or hindrance.—C. J., Oxfordshire.

The Minister of Transport has said that funds are being concentrated on building and improving roads and bridges, and that toll bridges are only being redeemed as a result of building a new or reconstructed bridge.

There are 103 tolls in Britain: fifteen are owned by local authorities; eighteen by the British Transport Commission, canal and navigation companies; and seventy by private bodies, colleges and estate companies.

Beach Guards

This country will never have full time paid life guards on her beaches ("Free Speech," April 14) as long as there are enough public-spirited men who will not only volunteer, but almost fight for the honour of carrying out this work.

Some seaside resorts have a few full time men as beach patrols, but most of them are covered by volunteer, fully trained life guards, of which I was proud to be a member.—T. S., Birmingham.

"In our lifeguard corps," says the Royal Life Saving Society, "there are 22,850 senior members and 8,820 juniors, all of whom are volunteers. Since the society began campaigning in 1933 against deaths from drowning, the toll has dropped from 1,453 to 918 in 1954. We like to think we have contributed to this."

No More Tick

As a business man, I find that although my Italian, Polish and American customers always pay their accounts when due—and often long before they are due—a regrettably large number of my British customers take a far longer credit period than they are entitled to. Some of them, indeed, seem to regard it as ungentlemanly to pay their bills within two years—and others are so gentlemanly that they never pay at all.

It is a sad reflection on our national honour that, while I will readily open an account for a foreigner, I am forced by bitter experience to insist on two good references before supplying goods "on tick" to a Briton.—E. B., Bedford.

Piece Work

In our neighbouring park, there is a chaffinch's nest completely and artistically decorated with wedding confetti collected piece by piece from a nearby church.—MISS M. BARRON, West Green Road, London, N.15.

Desert Cisterns

The Roman water cisterns in Libya, properly restored as Harry Hopkins suggests ("Crossroads Of The World," JOHN BULL, March 24) would play an important rôle in helping to provide more food for the people.

My photograph shows me climbing out of one cistern, which is still doing

its job of storing rain water near the road between Derna and Barche. The water streams off the surrounding land into the cisterns through apertures in the walls below ground level.—J. WOODWARD, Brookside East, Maghull, Lancashire.

The United Nations Organization is considering the question, but the Libyan Government believes that renovation would be uneconomical and is pushing ahead with more modern forms of water supply.

Model Parents

When my wife was expecting our son, we made great plans for the child's upbringing and future. We discussed the need for discipline, but in the two years he has been with us we have had an intensive course in self-discipline and good manners. The moment he was able to focus his eyes on any particular object, we came forcefully to the conclusion that there is only one real way to teach a small child anything—by example.

Adults constantly complain of children's bad manners. But they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

"PROSPECT POINT", STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

From a painting by Canadian artist, Sidney A. Barron — a leading water-colour interpreter of British Columbia scenes.

Outpost of the Empire

A thousand acres of evergreen forest . . . rock-girt shoreline and unspoiled natural beauty contrasts delightfully with curiously carved Indian totem poles to culminate at Prospect Point. Here, where the mountains come down to the sea, unfolds the majestic sweep of the North Shore Range . . . the skyline homes of British Properties . . . the towering span of the Lions Gate Bridge.

But British Columbia does not live by scenic beauty alone. This is a land where giant new empires of industry are coming to life . . . in the mines, the forests and the salmon-teeming seas. Truly, one of Canada's fast-growing Provinces is only beginning its greatest era of development.

In British Columbia, just as in Britain, Africa and other parts of the world, Brooke Bond maintain their own fleet of Sales Vans. In B.C., as elsewhere, Brooke Bond means *good* tea . . . *fresh* tea . . . always.

* * *

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond–good tea and fresh.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens – more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world – with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

We ***specially*** recommend

Perfect weather for his
water-resistant *watch!*

True enough, there isn't any water. But look at the dust; think of the sand, and the humidity. What sort of watch will keep them out? Only a water-resistant watch. The Swiss make their water-resistant watches to keep out *everything!*

It doesn't matter whether you're caught in a rainstorm or a sandstorm, at the Pole or in the tropics—your watch ticks on untroubled. Sealed in its special case, the fine Swiss jewelled-lever movement is well out of harm's way.

Any good jeweller will be glad to show you how the Swiss water-resistant seal works—and you'll find it very interesting. He can show you other exciting Swiss watches too—watches that never need winding, that show the date as well as the time; watches that record the tides, and the phases of the moon . . . beautiful ladies' watches in exquisite settings.

Whatever sort of watch you're looking for—see that the one you buy is Swiss. There are no other watches like them.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

Buy from a jeweller, who can service a watch as well as sell it. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable — and very well worth having.

Time is the Art of the Swiss

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

would achieve more if they devoted the time spent criticizing on mending their own.—E. C. MUTIMER, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Waited On

One of our few hens—a black one—visits the dog's kennel every morning and pecks the dog's nose. Out comes the dog and in goes the hen and lays her egg. I could never find the egg, and then I discovered that the dog gently noses the hen out after she has laid the egg, lies down and eats it.—F. ARMINGER, Lincolnshire.

On Trust

I saw a large picture-frame at a railway station, and it had no wrapping on at all ("Free Speech," March 31), the address being pasted on the glass.

A porter was commenting on the temerity of anyone sending a parcel in that condition—but he certainly handled it with care. The picture-frame had come all the way from the south of England and was intact and unmarked.—V. GRAY, Middlesbrough.

Counted Out

I defy nine adults out of ten to answer this question, which my ten-year-old son was required to answer in the "scholarship" examination: "Fill in the missing letter at the end of this series — O.T.T.F. F.S.S.E.N.—." I gave up the struggle after an hour and took the question to a teacher. She told me the answer—the letter "T." Each letter is the initial letter of a number, counting from one. Thus: *O*ne, *T*wo, *T*hree, *F*our and so on.—H. HART, Manchester, 19.

Test Muddle

Both my husband and I hold a driving licence. I passed the driving test, and he left the army with a certificate of competence.

We find that I can drive vehicles in Groups A, B and C only, while he can drive in A, D and G only. This means that I can drive a heavy locomotive but not a road roller or motor-cycle, and he must carry an L-plate for a motor-mower but can drive a motor-tractor.—MRS. W. M. PATTERSON, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

"This could be accounted for if the husband passed his tests before December 1, 1948, and his wife took her test after this date, when the grouping system was revised," says the Ministry of Transport. "Power to remove an anomaly which this caused is being sought in the Road Traffic Bill."

Landowner's Threat

Trespass ("Free Speech," April 7) is one of the civil wrongs classed under the general heading of "torts"; it is an infringement of a landowner's right to undisturbed possession of his land and is pursued in a civil court. A notice threatening proceedings should therefore read: "Private—trespassers will be sued." — D. HORNER, Finsbury Park, London, N.4.

Trespassers can be sued but not prosecuted, says a lawyer, for trespass is not a criminal offence.

Consumer Tax

As an assistant in a hardware business, I am at a loss to know why the Chancellor of the Exchequer taxes an ordinary two-gallon enamel pail at thirty per cent, while the same pail with half-gallon graduation marks inside is tax free.

Fifty-foot lengths of stranded galvanized wire marked "clothes line" have a thirty per cent tax, whereas the same wire without those words is tax free.—D. E. C., Gilford, Co. Down, Northern Ireland.

"Purchase tax is generally imposed on goods likely to be used by the domestic consumer," says the Treasury, "while those likely to be used by the trades are exempt. Drawing the line is not easy, and occasionally there are oddities."

Other Self

Recently I heard a tape recording of my voice for the first time. I used to laugh when my friends said it was practically impossible to recognize one's own voice, but quite a number of sentences had to be played over before I was struck by the familiarity of the words and realized that the voice was, in fact, mine.—G. LECKEY, Lurgan, Northern Ireland.

"No one can ever hear accurately his own voice," says a doctor. "Bone reverberations set up inside the mouth and head by speech give quite a false impression of what the voice really sounds like."

Craftsman's Touch

In Cyprus, the adze is a common woodworking tool ("Free Speech," April 7), but I was surprized to see it being used there for making what seemed to be high-quality handmade furniture.

One of the workmen said that the glancing blows of the adze produced a sort of satiny finish to good wood that was not obtainable by any other means; he said it added pounds to the furniture's saleable value. I saw the finished product: it was superb.—K. J. WEST, Catterick Camp, Yorkshire.

"Adzes are rarely used in Britain now," says an expert. "Boat builders

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THE COVER

YES, yes, it looks fine. And so (if he may say so) did the last half-dozen, and the next dozen will probably get progressively better. But Laurent's cover husband is far too well-trained to argue—and gets on with the crossword. Clue one across: Where fashion is a barbaric battle. Answer: Millinery department, a chaotic clutter of colour, an unlikely debris of felts and feathers and satins and straws with no nonsense about display and salesmanship. Which isn't so clever really; by now they've probably sold that doodler's bowler hat.

CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRY CUP
Strawberry jam and cream encased in milk chocolate.

HARROGATE TOFFEE
The delicious, smooth toffee with a most distinctive flavour.

CHOCOLATE TOFFEE FINGER
Delicious toffee covered with plain chocolate.

What a delicious dilemma!

18 delightfully different toffees and chocolates in

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' REGD

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

"Lucozade replaces lost energy in our family"

says Trevor Bailey, famous Test cricketer

Nothing like Lucozade to give you more energy!

Just like Trevor Bailey you are always using up energy. That's why you need the glucose in Lucozade—one of the finest sources of energy. Lucozade is the most stimulating, most refreshing drink. Only Lucozade relieves your tiredness so pleasantly; it relaxes tension, revives flagging spirits, gives you an appetite. On top of this, Lucozade can give you a new, sustaining reserve of energy. Doctors and nurses use Lucozade in hospitals, nursing homes, clinics and schools. Even the weakest patients can keep Lucozade down—and so benefit by its strength-giving glucose. *Keep plenty of Lucozade handy for the family.*

LUCOZADE

the sparkling glucose drink!

Doctors and nurses use Lucozade in hospitals, nursing homes, clinics and schools

royds 2016

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

sometimes use them to shape bent timbers, but with furniture a comparable satiny effect can be obtained with a hand plane in the hands of a craftsman."

Stop—Indefinitely

Driving through the deserted main street of a town after midnight, I stopped at the traffic lights, which were against me. I waited ten minutes for them to change before it dawned on me that they were not working properly. I decided to proceed against the signal. Surely there is a need for an automatic "out of order" signal on these lights, to come into operation with any mechanical defect. I still don't know whether I broke the law that night.—H. D., Farnham, Surrey.

"If traffic lights are not operating," says a lawyer, "and there is no other system of control, no legal consequences would be likely to follow if a motorist crossed against the lights—if he has exercised reasonable care."

Cattle Comfort

When visiting Canada, I noticed that in the summer farmers were in the habit of burning smoky fires, called "smudges," in the fields. Their cattle gathered around these and the smoke kept off the flies which would otherwise have caused them acute discomfort.

I have often seen cattle in Britain running round fields in great suffering from flies, and I suggest "smudges" would be a good thing here.—A. Scott, Kincarrathie House, Perth.

Unpopular Clocks

I am closely connected with my employer's social section, which has found the answer to the farewell presentation problem ("Free Speech," March 31).

When clocks and barometers were presented there were complaints, but now each retiring employee is discreetly asked for his choice. No one has requested a clock for years, although someone wanted a wrist watch. Selections have included electric blankets, electric kettles, silver teapots, suitcases and fireside chairs. — G. Husband, Hull, East Yorkshire.

Upper Limit

A garage recently estimated that repairs to my car, following an accident, would cost £35. Though an insurance company was paying the bill, I sought another price, from a garage of equal repute. Their more detailed estimate totalled £17.

Back at the first garage, I was told that they always estimated "a maximum figure" to allow for "contingencies." The proprietor seemed surprised that I quibbled over the price for "an insurance job." If garages continue to make such exorbitant charges, insurance companies will be encouraged to increase their premiums.—D. E., London, W.2.

Designs For Living

During the war, with my husband in the Forces and friends dispersed, my two elder children spent their childhood quietly and simply in a small North Wales village. There they developed serious hobbies—geology, ornithology and the study of old tapestries—which they now find most engrossing. But they have taken a dislike to all social occasions.

My two younger children, who have grown up amid more variety and enjoyed entertainment and travel, are lively socialites. But they have no hobbies and cannot amuse themselves at all.

I wonder which two are the better equipped for life.—Mrs. E. H., London, S.E.18.

Return To Sender

One recent weekend, I undertook to carry out some work on the houseboat belonging to the shop manager at the foundry where I work.

As I was moving a small sideboard, I found behind it a picture postcard of our local church. The strange thing was that on the back was a message in my own handwriting—it was a card I had sent to my sister and husband and family when they were holidaying on the Norfolk Broads in 1938. The name of the boat: the Prince Arthur.—Arthur Ormerod, Warrington, Lancashire.

First Rung

The young engineer who complains that he is cheap labour ("Free Speech," April 14) should remember that he is being trained for a remunerative position which he can take up after his apprenticeship.

He complains about receiving £4 a week. As an accountancy clerk serving a five-year period of articles, I get just over that a month. I suppose it could be said that I am cheap labour, but I consider I am gaining invaluable experience and being paid for productive work at the same time. —J. H., Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Better Use

My small son was a little disappointed when he put a penny in the slot of this mine, on the seafront at Bexhill. Sussex, and found that nothing happened.

The mine, which is similar to those used in the second World War for

coastal defence, is used as a collecting box for funds by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.—F. Richford, Arthur Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

Carriage Charge

A friend of mine recently left his briefcase in the train. At once, he telephoned the terminus a few stations down the line, and was told that the briefcase would be sent to his home station. It arrived all right, and so did a bill—for 5s. 2d. How British Railways manage to make a loss beats me.—W. F., Croydon, Surrey.

"There is a scale of charges made according to the service performed," says British Railways. "If the lost or mislaid article is claimed at the station where it is found, the charge would be less than if it were sent to another station. Charges vary for different commodities, too."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Thick Creamy Libby's Milk..

So rich- it whips!

Here's how to whip Libby's...

For 1 large size tin:
(2 pint equivalent)
2 Tablespoons Lemon Juice
5-oz. Caster Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla
Makes 30 generous servings

For 1 small size tin:
(1 pint equivalent)
3 Teaspoons Lemon Juice
2-oz. Caster Sugar
¼ Teaspoon Vanilla
Makes 12 generous servings

Cool the tin of milk, bowl and beater in the refrigerator or in cold water (iced if possible) until well chilled. Empty the milk from the tin into the bowl and whip vigorously until thick (3 to 5 minutes). Add lemon juice and whip until very thick (another minute or two). Beat in sugar and vanilla.

Libby's whipped — that's a real treat for the family. Simply delicious on fruits, puddings, trifles, gateaux .... And when the cry is 'Lashings of Libby's Mummy', there is no need to be sparing, because a large serving of Libby's Whip costs only about a ha'penny.

Libby's

Full Cream Evaporated **MILK**

FREE! For easy, clean opening of Libby's write for tin piercer to Dept. C.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD.,
Forum House, 15 & 16 Lime Street, London, E.C.3.

SEND THEM OUT WITH THIS

"Honest-to-Goodness"

BREAKFAST!

Give the family a real nourishing breakfast.
It's so appetising with creamy milk and sprinkled sugar.
It's nature's 100% Whole Wheat in its finest form.
Good to eat and good for you! Get a packet today.

WHEAT BEATS THEM ALL

and there's no wheat cereal like

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

BREAKFAST TIME—SUPPER TIME—ANYTIME

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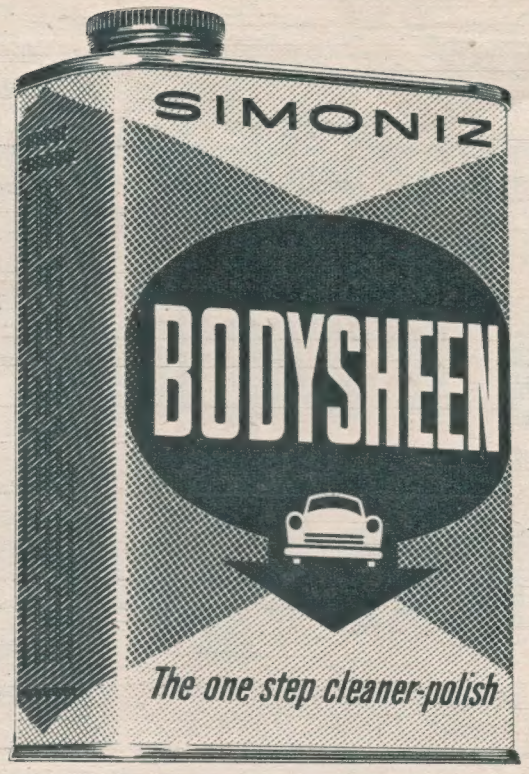

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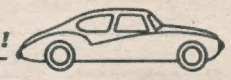

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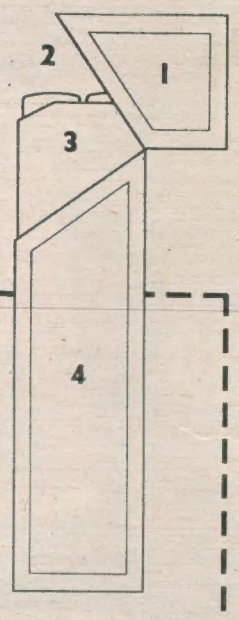

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An explorer's vivid adventures among Africa's most primitive people

ZANZABUKU

by LEWIS COTLOW

It was late afternoon and the sun's rays, so bright and hot during the day, were now pleasantly subdued by the cool breeze that warned us how cold the night would be. After hours of jouncing over the rock-strewn plains in a truck I had filmed the lion shots I wanted, a daring full-face sequence from fifteen yards of a lioness crouching over her prey.

Now I relaxed with two white hunter friends and my native gun-bearer, and enjoyed the cups of tea that welcomed us back to our camp. It stood at the edge of an acacia grove and looked out over the broad grassy veld, with thick forest off to our right and some scrub growth along the donga at the left. This dried up river bed still held a few water holes where animals gathered at dusk from miles around.

Mafuta touched my shoulder and said, *"Bwana!"* I followed his pointing finger and saw a strange procession as it crested a rise two hundred feet away and headed for the donga. The central figure was a lion, huge and black maned, one of the most majestic lions I have ever seen.

He did not see us. Indeed, he did not seem to recognize the existence of any living creature, for he was surrounded by a throng of jeering animals that would normally have provided his tastiest meals.

I say that they jeered, even though they made no sound. Just in front of the lion cavorted three wildebeests, kicking their heels clumsily, almost in his face. But the lion did not notice them, even when they shot clouds of dust into his eyes. In the rear, four or five topis made mock charges, darting within ten feet of him, taunting him with their lack of fear; on either side half a dozen Thomson's gazelles flicked their tails insolently.

There was only one possible interpretation, and we all agreed on it. The lion had awakened from his siesta beneath a bush on

Lewis Cotlow

Cotlow on the Congo, a shot from the film *Savage Splendour*, which he made with television explorer Armand Denis

As the gorilla began to charge, Cotlow took the picture above. He was rescued by a grey-bearded pygmy (facing him, right). Taking a cigarette is Kasciula, the pygmies' leader

Houses are built by the women, who are the chief workers among the pygmies. They also cook, tend children—and go out hunting

the edge of the forest, and found that he wanted a drink. Several herds of animals had seen him as he headed for the waterhole, and knew that either he had recently eaten or, in any event, could never catch them in daylight on the open plain. They seized the opportunity to taunt and humiliate him.

The lion had only one recourse—to ignore them, these fresh and impudent creatures which he could kill with one blow of his paw. Just once, in that long and embarrassing march across to the waterhole, did he stop. Then he looked contemptuously at the topi behind him, turned his eyes forward again and took up his dignified walk.

We desperately wanted to get pictures of this unbelievable scene, but the light streamed directly into our camera lenses. So we rushed to a truck and circled to obtain some satisfactory shots.

At the sound of the motor, the antelopes darted away. The lion continued his solitary march until he disappeared in the bush near the waterhole. It was sad to have missed filming this jungle pantomime, but a wonderful thing to have seen it at all and recorded it in memory.

That scene and that memory will tell you just a little bit about why I like Africa and have gone there on three long trips. My first was before the war, in 1937; but I returned in 1946 with television star Armand Denis to co-operate in making the film *Savage Splendour*, and in 1954 I made my longest visit of all to shoot sequences for a film of my own called *Zanzabuku*, after a pygmy word meaning perilous journey.

You don't need to be a big-game hunter or daring explorer to be thrilled by Africa. You may enjoy its riches in quite a short time, travelling off the beaten tracks.

Africa shows you everything. It is a time machine that can carry you back along the world's lifeline as far as you want to go. It will show you modern up-to-date today in its bustling cities, factories, mines and housing projects. Or you can see ancient history and pre-history through the pottery sherds and stone inscriptions of archaeologists and through living human beings. In Africa you can visit and talk to prehistoric man, Adam's cousin, and see that creature which is perhaps Adam's uncle, the gorilla.

The natives call him Ngagi. The scientists have named him *gorilla gorilla beringei*. He is the smartest primate other than man, although his brain is half as large. His body, on the other hand, is twice as large—or larger—and ten times as strong.

The giant mountain gorilla lives only in the Eastern Congo. When I arrived there on my first African trip of 1937 I wanted as much as anything to see him in his forest home. The odds were against me, I knew. Others had taken at least two weeks of struggling through dense mountain forests before they caught a glimpse of one. I could not spare that long, but I headed optimistically for Mount Bugalamisa, in the Tshibinda Forest a few miles south-west of Lake Kivu.

My search was to be satisfying—and exciting—beyond my dreams. For within a few days of arriving at Bugalamisa I was to stand face to face with a gorilla weighing over four hundred pounds, with a camera in my hand.

My companion on this trip was a young, quiet-spoken Belgian named Cézaire. I had met him in Kampala, in British Uganda, while gathering supplies for my journey into the Congo. He was, I felt, just the man I needed, and I found no reason to change my mind during the next four months.

At the foot of Mount Bugalamisa we found the experimental cinchona plantation operated by the *Syndicat pour l'Etude de Quinine au Kivu*. The manager, Marcel Ernsterhoff, was a handsome young Luxembourger who lived there with his dog, Max, and a cat, supervising the hundred-odd native workmen. He greeted us with the enthusiasm of a lonely man who welcomes anyone coming fresh from the outside world, and offered his full co-operation. We could use the plantation as our base, and he

Pygmies enjoy a tug-of-war, and for Cotlow staged a battle of the sexes. Teams are never mixed; pygmy men and woman rarely touch in public

would try to find pygmies to lead us up the mountain to the heights of eight or nine thousand feet at which the gorillas lived.

But he warned me sharply and seriously that I could not carry a gun. Scientists had convinced the authorities some years before that the gorilla was in danger of extermination and the Belgian king had set aside the huge tract of primitive land called the Albert National Park as a refuge for all animals, especially the gorilla.

In spite of this, gorillas were still shot. Hunters and scientists returned from expeditions claiming that the huge beasts had charged them and that they had to shoot in self-defence.

There was only one sure way of making the world safe for the gorilla: to forbid all firearms. If an explorer objected, saying that it was dangerous to go near gorillas unarmed, the answer was, "Then don't go."

No one had gone, so far as I could learn, since the ban went into effect a short time before my arrival in Africa. That's why Ernsterhoff stressed that I would go up Mount Bugalamisa strictly on my own responsibility. Even though I carried no firearms, I might get into trouble if the pygmies with me killed a gorilla with a spear. It was almost inconceivable that a group of pygmies could withstand a gorilla charge without some being killed. Then I would be held responsible for the death of the pygmies as well as that of the gorilla; an embarrassing investigation would follow, and I would be fined and perhaps imprisoned.

Once Ernsterhoff was satisfied that I understood the danger of going unarmed, he was as helpful as possible. He sent a boy into the forest to look for Kasciula, chief of the pygmies in that area, and some of his men.

He assured me that I could not find anyone more skilled as a tracker or more courageous in face of danger. And he knew the ways of the gorilla better than anyone.

Two days later Kasciula and the pygmies arrived—fourteen of them, some with thin ten-foot spears, others with small bows and arrows. These were not pure pygmies, and were bigger than I had expected. There had been some admixture of Bantu blood and, while some of them were under five feet in height, a few were a bit taller. Kasciula was no longer young, but there was a keen, darting look in his eyes, and an air of complete assurance about him, despite his shyness. I felt sure that he could find a gorilla if anyone could.

Kasciula spoke some Kingwana, enough for Cézaire to settle with him the terms of our agreement. If he and his men led me to the gorillas, they would receive three sacks of salt and two dozen tins of tobacco—both items highly prized.

He then sent six men up to reconnoitre for gorillas, so that later we would waste no time searching.

The following afternoon the pygmy scouts came down the mountain to report that they had found a band of gorillas near the summit. Kasciula announced that we would start early in the morning.

Cézaire and I had a hearty breakfast of eggs and several cups of delicious coffee with Ernsterhoff, and then set out with the fourteen pygmies, Kasciula in the lead. The heavy mist was just lifting under the rays of the rising sun as we walked along an avenue of cinchona trees, crossed a swamp, and plunged into the tangled underbrush. I was keyed up, inwardly excited, and perhaps a little afraid of the adventure I was walking into.

Within ten minutes, however, all thoughts and feelings were driven away by the concentrated effort to fight through that jungle up a steep gradient.

After two hours my heart was pounding hard, my head was throbbing and I panted heavily. Looking back, I saw Cézaire having just as much trouble. The pygmies moved effortlessly at half their normal pace just to accommodate us. When I called for a rest they waited patiently but with an air of amiable condescension towards these two white men, supposedly so superior, who had so much trouble climbing a mountain.

As we rested I looked about in the dark gloom

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"The pygmies' elephant dance," says Cotlow, "carried more dramatic impact than any dance I saw in Africa." It ended with drums booming amid frenzied cheers

THE SILENT PARTNER

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Lynn had me cornered. I was prepared to fight her—but one more shock was awaiting me . . .

STELLA CURTIS and I were never really alone together until that Sunday night in Wales. And then we were *really* alone. There was nothing but the mountain, the fog, and the burst tyre that had stranded us. It was the night we fell in love. . . .

My name is Mike Granville. Stella was a laboratory assistant at Granville and Co. My wife Lynn had left me a week or two earlier. From her letter it seemed that our marriage was not as successful as I had thought. I had not seen her since—though once, in the dead of night, a noise had awakened me and I had gone downstairs in time to see a car tail-light disappearing. I knew the visitor was Lynn because I found one of her turquoise ear-rings on the floor. . . .

I tried to trace her in London. But her old boss, Simon Heppelwhite, the stage-designer, didn't know where she was. Neither did Ray French, one of her oldest friends. Ray worked for a music publisher.

I'm afraid he hadn't much time for my marital worries: he was soon to be married himself to a girl called Margot du Caine.

In the end I did get an address where I thought I might find Lynn. I didn't follow it up right away for several reasons—one being the scintillometer. This was a gadget we were making at the factory: it was to locate uranium deposits from an aeroplane. Harwell wanted it in a hurry and it was for the first tests that Stella and I had gone to Wales.

I knew she was married. I had met her husband. And, in my opinion, John Curtis was a cranky hypochondriac. It wasn't until afterwards—after Wales, that is—that I discovered he was Curtis of the Cavendish Laboratories.

During his experiments, he had absorbed a big dose of gamma rays. Thurston, one of the Harwell scientists, told me about him. And Thurston said: "I understand he is not likely to last beyond the end of the year."

PART TWO

"I Took A Few Chances"

AFTER lunch I got in my car and drove to Raglan Cottage. I thought if I didn't go right away I shouldn't go at all. When I got there a strange woman opened the door. She said: "I'm Miss Willis. No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Curtis is out. Dr. Curtis is in, but I don't think he's seeing visitors."

"No," I said. "When will Mrs. Curtis——?"

"That you, Granville?" came John Curtis's voice from inside the sitting-room. "Come in, will you?"

There was no escape then.

He was sitting in front of the usual fire, but the day was so warm that he had a window open. He was in a dressing-gown and looked like a ghost.

"Sit down," waving the end of an unlighted pipe. "Stella's out shopping. It was good of you to give her an extra day. I think she needs it."

I said: "Are you better than when I came before?"

"Oh, better than then."

I thought, *J. N. Curtis, of course.* If I didn't mistake, he'd been on the War Research Council.

"Smoke?"

"Thanks," I said.

"Do you want to see Stella specially?"

"No. It's not important."

He began to light his pipe. I got up and passed him the matches. I said: "I've got to tell you that Stella never told me who you were. I hadn't the ghost of an idea until this afternoon. I'm still buried under the debris."

"It's my fault Stella doesn't tell people. The fewer who know. . . ."

"But I mean merely your identity. . . ." I stopped.

"And not my illness? Well, one goes with the other, doesn't it?"

I got up to knock my ash off, and stayed up. "This thing you've got. What does it amount to?"

"My anaemia? An excess of white blood corpuscles. Very undramatic."

"And what can be done about it?"

"One makes one's will. One loses one's fear of growing old."

"Because of doing things with radio-active materials?"

He shook his head. "I took a few chances. But that's no proof at all. It's only a theory."

"Which happens to be true?"

He shrugged. "We don't know enough about it. All we know is that we get a higher incidence of leukaemia among people who've been exposed to small over-tolerance doses of radiation. It's called a late proliferative response. The whole subject's tremendously interesting, but I certainly didn't intend to use myself as a guinea-pig."

I walked up and down once. "What astonishes me——"

I broke off. Stella had come into the room.

Meeting her again was deadly with him there. And his being there was now so much worse than I'd ever reckoned on. Somehow we got through it. She was pale but quite in hand.

We talked about general things. She said she would be in at the usual time tomorrow. John Curtis wanted me to stay on to tea but I made an excuse and left. She seemed not to want to walk with me to the gate but I took her arm in my hand.

"Stella," I said. "I didn't *know*."

"Know what?"

"Who John was."

"He likes to be close about these things."

I struggled with thoughts. "It doesn't, can't change what I feel about you. But it very much shakes up the way I feel about myself."

"I'm not very prideful, either," she said.

"I haven't seen much of Lynn for a long time," Hazel Boylon said. "She's had other fish to fry"

I STOPPED. "What happened, Stella, isn't pared down for me by any second thoughts I may have now. But hearing what I've heard today makes me feel—rather like an assassin."

She stared across the garden rather blindly. "You haven't killed him. Life's killed him."

"Your feeling queer after your visit to Harwell—was that something to do with John?"

"Yes. I'd never been to Harwell before. Of course he didn't work there; but seeing it suddenly like a great factory of the future and knowing what it had come to mean in the lives of just two people. . . ."

We went on to the gate. I said: "I must see you soon."

"I shall come tomorrow as usual. But I shall have to leave."

"Why?"

"We can't go on after Sunday."

Desperately, I said: "He'll want to know why."

"I'll tell him I'm tired, want a break. And—he'll need more attention as time goes on."

"Isn't there anything at all to be done for him?"

"The doctors say not."

I said: "Stella, when things happen as they

As she began to take out the paper, I turned to John. "I've got something to tell you that you won't very much like," I said

happened on Sunday, you don't add it up at the time. But . . . I want very much to know. . . ." I dried up, not able to go on.

"If I love him?" she said recklessly. "Yes, I love him. It doesn't make Sunday any more admirable, does it?"

"Hell, I don't know. I don't know."

She shook her head.

"There's something I feel I've got to say—even if you don't much like it, Mike." She looked at me.

"Go on."

"Ever since Sunday I've been thinking, trying to see it from a distance, as if it had happened to somebody else. And in a way it seems to me—how can I put it? . . . What happened, happened more easily because I have been in love with John. . . . If you've been happy with love you have less defence against it. You can pretend to yourself only for so long. . . ."

There was a long silence.

I said: "Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"Stella, you've tried to tell me how Sunday looks to you. It isn't even necessary to tell you how it looks to me. The things I said to you then—if you remember them. . . ."

"I remember them."

"The things I said to you then I'm very much more sure of now than ever. I'd double the stakes. And double them again."

In the sunlight her narrowed eyes had unusual lights and depths even for them. She smiled at me, not happily but with a glance of heightened sensibility that made my pulses thump. Then she turned away without saying what I hoped she might say but knew at heart she could not.

When I got back to Greencroft that evening, there was still no letter from Lynn. I wondered what I should have felt if there'd been word from her that she was coming home the following day.

The house was cold in spite of the weather. I opened one or two windows and switched off the electric water heater, which had been left on all the time. In the drawing-room everything seemed dusty to the touch. I opened the gramophone and saw there were some records still on the turntable, but I hadn't the interest to run them through.

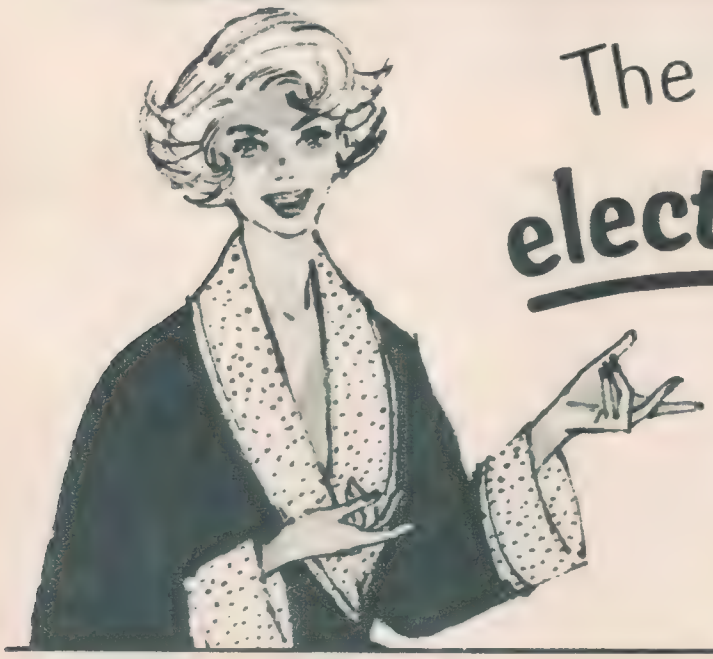
Then it suddenly occurred to me to wonder if at any time during the weekend Lynn had been for her key. I opened the front door and

Who's got hot water on tap ?

Who finds it instantly hot ?

Who can have baths without fuss ?

Who doesn't have grimy walls ?



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looked under the plant pot. The key was still there.

After a minute I realized that somebody was standing in the drive. It was a middle-aged, loose-jointed man in a shiny blue suit and a trilby hat with a warped brim. He had a long horse face and he walked as if he was afraid of waking someone.

"Mr. Granville?"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Michael Henry Granville?"

I said I couldn't deny it.

"Then, sir, it's my duty to serve you with this petition." He put a paper into my hand. "Good evening to you, sir."

He went off down the drive with his dormitory walk. I looked at the long envelope in my hand, and then stared after him until he disappeared.

I opened the thing. It was a petition filed by my wife. She claimed a divorce on the ground of my misconduct with Mrs. Stella Vivien Curtis, of Raglan Cottage, Letherton, Essex.

I WENT up to London next day and called on the solicitors concerned. I saw a Mr. Shipley, a fat man with eyes almost closed and huge pouches under them.

"Mr. Granville? How d'you do. You wished to see me?"

I handed him the petition. "You are acting for my wife in this?"

"We are."

"And on her authority?"

"Naturally. On her affidavit."

"So she approves of this very strange document?"

He opened his eyes sufficiently to look at his finger-nails. "Frankly, Mr. Granville, I'm not really in order in seeing you at all. But I thought as you had called perhaps there was some specific point. . . . Obviously I can't discuss the nature of the evidence with you. You should go to your own solicitor."

"Would you tell me one thing?"

"If I can."

"How long have you been having me watched?"

He put on a pair of library spectacles and turned the petition round as if it had been in a fever hospital. "The first evidence is on May the twenty-sixth."

"That wasn't what I asked you."

"It's all I can tell you."

"I suppose this petition can still be withdrawn?"

"Er—yes. It can be withdrawn at the instance of your wife."

"So the best thing is to go and see her?"

His chair creaked as he shifted his weight. "The courts are naturally always glad to encourage reconciliation."

"Where can I find her at present?"

"It's on the petition."

"That's only an accommodation address."

"I think you can get in touch with her there."

I stared at him for a minute. He pushed himself slowly out of the chair and walked ponderously across the room with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets.

"If I may advise you on one thing, I should certainly go and consult a solicitor first. Put all the facts before him and then do what he suggests."

"How long have I before I must reply to this thing?"

"You have eight days to 'enter an appearance' as it's called. You file an answer denying the charge—that's if you wish to deny it. Then in due course the case will come into court."

"Are you my wife's usual solicitor? Have you ever acted for her before?"

He didn't like that. "We've not acted for her before. Many women don't have occasion to use a solicitor until something like this crops up in their lives."

I left then, and went to the address Lynn's mother had given me. Grosvenor Court Mews was one of those quiet backwaters that you find in Mayfair: a rectangle of cobbled and paved yard in which someone always seems to be washing down a Rolls-Royce, two or three tiny houses, made up out of old servants' quarters and painted in over-bright yellows and blues, a few garages and flats over.

Number 9a was one of the flats over. I went up the stairs and rang the bell.

No answer. From what Ray French had said I had hardly expected it. Yet she might have come back.

I lifted a gnome's head on the door and let it fall. There was no outside handle to the door, but I pressed it just in case. It was locked. At a branch in the stairs just below was a door marked 9, so I went down and put a finger on that bell.

A dog yapped sharply, and after a bit the door was opened by a small, elderly, spectacled woman with grey shingled hair and a black velvet head-band. She was carrying a toy dog so overgrown with hair that it seemed to have no face at all.

I said: "I beg your pardon. Does Mrs. Granville live here?"

"No, she lives at 9a, at the top of the stairs, but she's not at home." The voice wasn't a bit friendly.

"Do you know when she'll be back?"

The woman shook her head emphatically. "No idea at all. She's changed her habits these last

Continued on page 41

Uncertain of what I saw, I went closer—and then started back with a gulp that choked me

Anthony Quayle, the Stratford buccaneer

He's quick, violent and full of ideas, and that's the way he likes the theatre. Albanian partisans and New Zealand playgoers have admired his spectacular energy

by REX GRIZELL

WHEN the curtain at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, came down on the bloody climax of *Titus Andronicus* one Saturday evening last October, Anthony Quayle, who played the Negro Aaron, rushed off to his dressing-room without waiting to take his curtain call. Fifteen minutes later, with his face make-up removed but with no time for a bath to take the black stain from his body, Quayle was at the wheel of his Bentley. There were just over two hours in which to cover the eighty miles to London Airport, where he had a plane to catch.

A carefully timed schedule involving the Mediterranean fleet depended on Quayle's presence in Malta on Sunday to play his part as Commodore Henry Harwood in the filming of *The Battle Of The River Plate*. With the scenes completed, Quayle flew back from Malta on Monday. He was back at Stratford in time to make up for the part of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*, a job which takes him ninety minutes.

"Quayle," says a friend, "possesses the energy of a cross-country runner and the self-confidence of a judge." He needs these attributes, together with his powerful six-foot, fourteen-stone frame, to tackle a mountain of work as director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

He is the dominating influence there. Well in advance, Quayle plans the seasons, choosing the plays and selecting the cast. Some of the plays he produces himself, while in some he takes the major parts, Othello, Coriolanus and Falstaff among them.

But once the season gets under way Quayle the producer and actor becomes administrator as well. He has charge of the fifty members of the company and of the entire theatre staff of nearly two hundred.

By way of a change, this irrepressibly energetic man has found time to write two books, one of which sold 40,000 copies, and to be an active director of a publishing company. He is using film acting as a new outlet for his dramatic talents.

When pressure of work builds up in the theatre, Quayle sometimes dashes out of the office to spend an hour vigorously ploughing up and down the Avon in his canvas canoe. "He calls it relaxation," says burly Max Hillier, his Australian dresser. "I went with him once. When we came back I was completely whacked."

Once Quayle took Glen Byam Shaw, his co-director at Stratford, canoeing in a gale on Ullswater. He refused to be dissuaded by the high waves and battled through them for an hour. "I felt confident that if the thing had capsized, Quayle would have held me up with one hand and the boat with the other," says Shaw. "To me there is something of the buccaneer about him."

West End theatre managers, famous actors, and wartime Albanian partisans would probably agree with Shaw. Throughout the seven years that Quayle has been director at the Memorial Theatre he has repeatedly spirited the stars from under the noses of London's impresarios. Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Michael Redgrave, Peggy Ashcroft, Diana Wynyard, and, last season, Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, are among those whom Quayle has persuaded to Stratford at a fraction of the salaries they command in the West End.

Quayle has no false modesty about his abilities. In all his capacities he oozes supreme self-confidence. "I know I can act, I know I can produce, I know I can write, I know I have some ability in controlling people," he says quietly.

He was equally confident when his abilities were still a matter for speculation. When he took over in 1948, Quayle boasted that he would make Stratford a centre of Shakespearian acting unrivalled anywhere in the world. The critics told him that he would never do it without the London audience.

"Damn London!" said Quayle, who puts Shakespearian fervour into his frequently blunt speech. "Let London come to us."

London's classical theatre audiences meekly followed the stars, as Quayle had judged they would, and he has not only brought the world, at the rate of 360,000 people every season, to the theatre in Stratford; he has also taken Shakespeare to the world.

He has twice led a Stratford company on tours of Australia and New Zealand, playing to nearly a million people. Other companies of his have toured Europe, and he is now planning a tour of Canada and America, including a season in New York.

Asserting that he likes the theatre because "it is quick, violent, immediate," Quayle wastes none of his spectacular energy and expects every minute of his working day, often fourteen hours, to pay a dividend. As a colleague has said, "Quayle works fast. He loves excitement and is always looking for a chance to put his foot on the accelerator."

IN the British musical film *Oh, Rosalinda,* Quayle is one of the few players whose singing voice is not dubbed. He sings a famous song from *Die Fledermaus* and his ability to do so is another tribute to his physical energy. At Stratford Quayle found time to take regular 9 a.m. singing lessons, usually walking the two miles to the studio.

"I'd rather walk than ride a bicycle, and I'd rather ride on a horse than in a car," he says. In his garden at Stratford, Quayle prefers the heavy jobs, such as digging and cutting down trees, to "finicky" work like pruning or planting.

There were raised eyebrows in the theatrical world when Quayle, at thirty-four, with only nine years experience of the theatre, was put in charge at Stratford. According to George Hume, his business manager, many actors and

At the Memorial Theatre Quayle plays Othello opposite Barbara Jefford. He also selects the cast

Quayle as Commodore Harwood in a new film. He made a dash from Stratford to Malta to play the part

producers, with a theatre diplomacy built on "Darling, you were marvellous," have been astonished that Quayle, whose normal reaction to acting he does not like is "What the blazes did you do with that part?" should have proved successful. "It says a lot for his personal integrity and judgment," says Hume.

Quayle's suave, energetic, self-confidence did not pass unnoticed in the army. When Winston Churchill visited Gibraltar on a tour of inspection before the North African landings precautions were taken against possible assassination attempts. The job of getting the Prime Minister safely away from the airfield was entrusted to Quayle, who was then military assistant to the governor.

While a fleet of Rolls-Royces drove off with Churchill's entourage, Quayle smuggled the great man away in a two-seater R.A.F. van. Quayle felt that he should say something.

"We had been told you were travelling in disguise, sir," he said, "but we didn't expect to see you disguised as an Air Commodore."

"What do you mean?" demanded Churchill angrily. "I *am* an Air Commodore."

"I know you are, sir," said Quayle, smoothly. "I just didn't expect to see you in the uniform." Churchill grunted and looked proudly down at the uniform. "And what is more," he said, "I have my wings."

In Gibraltar Quayle found things too peaceful. He volunteered for a parachute course though he was nearly thirty and too heavy to be really suitable. After the course Quayle was landed in Albania to organize resistance groups.

Once, when captured by bandits, he pretended to use the radio to transmit details of his capture, although the battery had been taken. He rehearsed his men and put on a show complete with enciphering and transmitting their captors' names. When a suspicious guard asked how they could do this without a battery, Quayle blandly indicated a part of the mechanism as a spare battery. The Albanians believed him and shortly afterwards he and his men were freed.

QUAYLE was born forty-two years ago in Ainsdale, Lancashire, the son of a solicitor. He was educated at Rugby School. On leaving, he declined to enter the family business in Liverpool, and went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. For a few seasons before the war he was with the Old Vic company, and toured Portugal, Italy, Greece and Egypt with them.

After the war, John Perry of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., who had seen forces shows produced by Quayle in Gibraltar, persuaded his firm that Quayle was the man to produce *Crime and Punishment*, starring John Gielgud, Edith Evans and Peter Ustinov. In spite of his inexperience Quayle had no qualms about accepting. "After generals in Gibraltar and partisans in Albania, the stars didn't frighten me," he says.

Following his success as a producer in London, Quayle went to Stratford as an actor. He had been there only one year when he was asked to become director.

Quayle is married to former actress Dorothy Hyson, and they have two daughters, Jennifer and Rosanna, for whom he will act any part he happens to be rehearsing or playing.

He dresses informally and often conducts his business affairs wearing a heavy sweater, sports trousers and suede boots. According to his wife, he is a hearty eater. At the theatre he keeps up his energy with a routine lunch consisting of a Texas-size underdone steak, green vegetables and a half bottle of red wine.

Though he pretends to be no business man, Quayle is described by George Hume as "no fool about money." In 1952 he risked £160,000 of the theatre's money on the tour of Australia and New Zealand, and came back with a profit of £25,000.

Twenty years ago, Quayle was "feed" to a comedian in a variety bill headed by Jack Hylton and his band at the Theatre Royal, Leeds. For a presentation number of "The Changing of the Guard" Hylton had sentries in full uniform posted on each side of the stage. One night one of them fell ill, and Quayle deputized for him.

"I was hard up. I thought there might be an extra half-crown in it, but I never got a penny," says Quayle.

In 1953, Quayle, the actor-producer-director, talked business involving thousands of pounds with Hylton, the impresario, when they were both concerned in the presentation of *Antony And Cleopatra*, at the Princes Theatre, London.

"I didn't remind him," says Quayle. "But all the time I felt he really owed me a half-crown." THE END

Often Quayle works fourteen hours a day. Even when he leaves the theatre for a stroll he takes papers to study

Jennifer and Rosanna are the most critical audience their father has. For them he acts any part he is rehearsing

"I hate your trees," she cried. "And as for you . . . well, let me tell you, I hate you most of all"

Mackinney's Leap

by ***DAVID WALKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

It was wicked! She had made Strathdrin's prodigal son forget all his good resolutions. And then she thought of a wickeder thing . . .

STRATHDRIN was a-hum this summer day. It hummed with a slumberous hum of bees: it hummed with another lively hum. A prodigal son was expected home.

Miss Dura Murdoch of Drin, accompanied by three Scotties, paid a morning call upon her head forester, who was thinning a larch plantation.

"On the three o'clock bus, Miss Dura," he said in answer to her question. Mr. Mackinney was a solemn man, an elder of the kirk.

"To think of John being a Bachelor of Science," said Miss Murdoch. "We must watch our forestal p's and q's. How long is he staying?"

"Just the one month," said Mr. Mackinney. A furrow etched his brow. It might have been a furrow of unease. "Jock has a good job seemingly," the father conceded.

"Lack of brains and brawn were never his troubles," Miss Murdoch said. "I must say I shall be delighted to see John again, notwithstanding the attendant perils. The glen has been a helluva dull place since he left. We could do with a good shot in the arm." Miss Murdoch was a lady of wide taste in literature and wide mastery in language.

Mr. Mackinney tutted about the oath. "A shot in the arm, Miss Dura?" he inquired.

"An injection of vitality," she said. "Talking of which, how do you propose to work off John's superabundant energy?"

"Just that," he said. "Just worrk, Miss Dura. A worrk-tired man has no scope for mischief."

"Poor boy!" she said. "It's his holiday."

"Six days shalt thou labour and the seventh rest," he said.

What a dogmatic old so-and-so you are, Miss Dura thought. But she said: "The nights do make me rather nervous, salmon being none too plentiful this year."

"I'll see he's that tired he'll be no bother," said this Calvinistic parent, and changed the subject. "Would Miss Dura be walking by the kennels?"

"I would," she said.

"Them roe-deer have been at my young trees again." Mr. Mackinney coughed. "It would be a waste of worrds for *me* to be speaking about it."

"Okay," she said. "I'll speak. Tell John I'm longing to show him the arboretum."

"I'll do that, Miss Dura."

"Come, Shadrach," she called. "Come, Meshach. Come, Abednego, my bad rascal."

Miss Murdoch walked again. It was a clear, soft morning of early summer, a day to come home to the fantasy. Across Miss Murdoch's mind there raced a panorama or kaleidoscope of the youthful sins of one John or Jock Mackinney: aged ten, stink bombs in the teacher's desk; aged twelve, scarlet paint on the minister's cycle; aged fifteen, a home-made bomb in Utopia Pool.

"I've heard tell about it often," he had explained disarmingly on the mat. "I was just after finding out, Miss Dura." He had found out to the tune of four dead salmon.

These sins and worse, and then flutterings in the dovecots of Strathdrin. John Mackinney was one of those carefree sinners whom everyone loves but the last victim; and sometimes the last victim loves him, too.

But it had been too much for the elder Mackinney, that most respectable, respected pillar of the parish. John had been packed off to Canada to seek his fortune at the age of twenty. Miss Murdoch herself, under oath of secrecy, had contributed initial funds.

Now, after the peaceful years, he was returning for a visit; and, what was remarkable, he was returning as a Bachelor of Science in forestry, with a first-rate job.

Poor professors, thought Miss Murdoch. *What a degree of suffering that B.Sc. must have been!*

She knocked at the keeper's cottage. Janet Dickson answered the door. "It's a braw day, Miss Dura," she said cheerfully above retrievers' barking and terriers' yapping at one another up at the kennels. "And here's me in currlers."

"They suit you, my child," Miss Murdoch said. She thought of days long ago when her own face had not looked hideous in curlers.

"Mother's away into town," said Janet. "She'll be back on the three o'clock bus."

"So will John Mackinney," said Miss Murdoch. "Do you remember him?"

"I was just fourteen, just a bairn when he went away. But I remember him fine."

"He wouldn't be easy to forget. Hence the curlers, I daresay."

Janet blushed. "Och, no!" she said.

He's probably married to some Canadian wench, Miss Murdoch thought, for a thought had occurred to her about the peace of Strathdrin this ensuing month.

"Here's Dad now," said Janet.

Dickson loped down from the hill. Miss Murdoch went to meet him. The head keeper and head forester were in a perennial state of armed neutrality, partly due to the differing ideologies of their professions, partly to their disparate characters.

Holding the balance by needling both was one of Miss Murdoch's pleasures in her late middle age. An old source of amusement to her, shortly to be renewed, was that the monument of virtue, to wit Mackinney, should have fathered the rapscallion.

"The roe-deer have been raising hell again," she said.

"If Miss Dura would permit the shooting of the roe-deer," said Mr. Dickson, "then the roe-deer would not be after raising what Miss Dura mentions." He stared at the top of a holly tree. Mr. Dickson had never been seen to smile.

"Oh, well," she said. "I suppose you had better shoot the two big bucks."

"It's not only roe-deer'll be raising something in these parts, I'm thinking," Mr. Dickson said. "And here's me short of sleep already." He referred, in part, to the poaching proclivities of workers at a hydro-electric scheme nearby.

"Don't worry too much," Miss Murdoch said. "John's father has promised to keep him busy night and day; and a work-tired man has no scope for mischief, so I understand. Would you agree, out of your manifold experience?"

"I would, Miss Dura," said Mr. Dickson. "That would be the verdict of my sweatin' brow. It would be my opinion, too, that one poor old Dad's fair sweatin' about what's due on the three o'clock bus."

MISS DURA laughed. She would have said how much she looked forward to seeing the delightful John Mackinney, had another young rascal, Abednego, not chosen this time to attack the wire-faced hutch where Dickson's best jill ferret nursed her young.

"You blank asterisk little something of a blue-pencilled hellion!" screamed Miss Murdoch. "You this and misbegotten that, come here to heel at once!"

Abednego came to heel. "I'm afraid I have kept you from your dinner," Miss Murdoch said courteously, in her normal tones.

Dickson wiped his brow, touched his cap and said: "Don't mention it, Miss Dura. I've no great appetite left in me."

He entered the cottage. "Holymosesscuppermagig!" he said to Janet. "Did ye hear Pure Murrder then?"

"Terrible language, Dad," she said. "Puts you in the shade."

"It's a gift, I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Dickson. "I never heard man nor beast could currse like Pure Murrder on the warpath." He tucked into Janet's good brown stew. "Blister the hide off a crocodile, she would," he mumbled admiringly. . . .

The cause of the hum in this peaceful glen had

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Surgeons are finding dramatic new uses for cold—they give patients new hope of life

ISLAND WITH AN EYE ON WESTMINSTER

Harry Hopkins begins a survey of Malta—the sunny Mediterranean island whose future is in the balance

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

supper with his parents. After that, he listened to a catalogue of his ancient, long-forgotten sins. John Mackinney's reputation across the water at the University of New Brunswick had not been without blemish. Indeed, only academic brilliance, and a dean with a soft spot for sinners, had pulled him through, with the loss of one year.

But he saw his good father's point. The least he could do was do his best. He resolved, in this month's vacation, to wipe out the blots of his salad days. *No beer,* he thought. *Well, I don't mind that. No girls: they're plain in any case. No nocturnal excursions after salmon. No nothing wrong. . . . Well, I guess one month won't kill me. . . .*

"Don't worry yourself now, Dad," he said.

He went to pay respect to his old friend, Miss Dura Murdoch. He walked with her through the arboretum, which had been started a hundred years ago and was the pride of the Murdochs of Drin. Many of these exotic trees were North American. John Mackinney talked wisely and well about them. Miss Murdoch hung upon his words.

He offered to start work free, gratis and for nothing the next morning. He gratefully declined her invitation to drink a glass of her best Amontillado. "I don't, Miss Dura," he explained, true as of today.

What a perfectly splendid young man John has become, she thought, watching him stride away. *So handsome, too.* Miss Murdoch had lost her true love in the first World War. Then she had kept house for her widowed father.

JOHN MACKINNEY went round to the back of Castle Drin. He stopped to admire a giant beech. The mavis and the merle were singing. It was a night for the wee folk to be in the minds of Highland folk.

It was a slow June evening, and he was glad to be home, and yet, and yet, and yet a virtuous vacation would be something very new and very dull. He was used to monastic sojourns in the woods; he was used to bursting out of those woods and into town to paint more than the minister's cycle red. This was his hard-earned holiday, after all.

I must be fair to Dad, he thought. *Be patient, now.* But John Mackinney was low in spirit, walking away from the Castle Drin, no spice in the air of his Highland strath, home to his bed and ten hours sleep. He had made good resolutions before this. What happened to them. . . ?

That sound on the evening air! A song.

"I'm on ma way hame frae a marriage, It's been a splendeecious affair. . . !" Such a lilting, happy melody.

". . . And the bride was a bonny wee lamb, Wi' rich currly hair and complexion, Redder than strawberry jam."

Round the corner and between the rhododendrons came the bonniest wee lamb, a more beautiful girl than John Mackinney had ever imagined possible, far surpassing the words that she now stopped singing. She also, perforce, stopped walking, barred by the petrified bulk of John Mackinney. She carried a pail or bucket in her hand, he observed with extraordinarily sharp and magical perception.

He stared at her, and she stared at him, and she looked away, her complexion lovelier than the wild strawberries of his wildest dreams. He kept on staring at her from top to toe and back again and down and up like the spectators' eyes at a vertical tennis match.

She wore a kilt of gold and grey, and she wore a plain white blouse, and she had bare, brown legs, and bare, brown arms, and her skin would be whipped cream underneath he did not dare suppose; and her face, and her hair—oh, well. . . .

"It's wee Janet," he barked at last. A coo, soft as the ring dove, was what he had meant his words to be.

"I'm no that wee," she said hotly, and looked at him again, her eyes flashing, hazel eyes with golden lights of fire; golden, all was golden.

No, she was not that wee. "I meant you used to once was," he bumbled. "You're a big huge muckle lassie now is what I mean."

She tossed her head. "Big huge muckle," she growled at him, vexed again, it seemed.

"Och!" he said. *Say "Och" for us, Jock,* the girls on the campus used to plead, and sometimes he would say an indulgent "Och" for them. What a desperate "Och" this was, a strangled scrape of vocal cords.

"Would you be Jock?" she said more kindly.

He stared at her. *It's rude to stare,* he thought, but he could not quite drag his gaze away. Her left hand on the bucket seemed to be the politest part of her for him to stare at.

"I guess so," he said in answer about being Jock Mackinney.

Miss Janet Dickson gave a hearty chuckle. "You seem a wee thing doubtful," she remarked. She took one step forward. He took one back.

"What's in yon bucket?" he demanded.

"Eggs," she said. Who would think that "eggs" could sound like that, pure nuggets of gold? "I just got ten today, but half the hens are clockin'." Broody, she meant. "Eggs for the Bighoose," Miss Dickson said, "if Lord Jock Mackinney would let me by."

"Here," he said. "I'll take them." He put out his hand to take the pail, which she seemed willing to relinquish; but the side of his hand touched hers at the passing of the burden, and such an ecstatic flame shot up his arm that he dropped the bucket, and three of the golden eggs were broken.

"Holymosesscuppermagig," cried Janet, quoting her revered father. "Are you plain daft?"

"Guess so," he mumbled. He plucked fistfuls of good green grass to clean her pail and the remaining eggs, now literally golden. *You ham-handed hum,* he reviled himself. "There," he said. "Och, I'm sorry, Janet."

"Wait till I tell Pure Murrder."

"Who's Pure Murrder?"

"Miss Dura Murdoch, silly," said Miss Dickson.

"She's not pure murrder," he protested. "She's a decent enough old bezzom."

"Decent enough! Never heard man nor beast could currse like Pure Murrder on the warpath," Janet quoted her gifted sire. "Blister the hide off a crocodile, she would. Are you takin' the bucket or am I? Can I trust you with it?"

"Aye," he replied. "Me," to question two and one. . . . Trust me? Oh, trust your heart to my keeping, keeper's daughter, saying strange, wonderful things about Moses and a gig, about crocodiles and blisters.

THEY walked in silence to the back door of Castle Drin. He waited for her. *She won't come back,* he thought. *Or if she comes, my dream will only be a dream. This impossible enchantment.*

But she did emerge. He pinched his thigh. It hurt. Seemed true. "Would you care to stroll home by the arboretum?"

"I don't mind," she said graciously. The short way home for her was by an upper path. The longer way was through the arboretum, along the banks of the winding River Drin, and past the Falls of Drin, and over the footbridge to her house, to the place where she would sleep, and in the morning she would stretch and stir those silken limbs. . . .

"What's up," she asked him. "Do you feel Scotland chilly after the Canadian summer?"

"No," he said. "It's hotter'n hell, I mean it's perfect." *Now what am I saying?* he asked himself.

They walked between the flowers of the forest. They walked beneath the dark old yews. All the birds were singing, the scents of the world were aching sweet.

"Do you like hens?" said he to her.

"Scarified craters," said she to him.

Try again. Try to imagine she was not his dream.

Try to imagine she was Doris, Marguerite or Sybil, she was Mabel, Nora or Aileen, she was Martha, Rosalie or Charlotte—all those ladies who had said, "Oh Jock, you mustn't"; all those ladies who had giggled at his merry quips; all those ladies who had sighed for him.

Here was the arboretum, here a straw at which to clutch. "The *Sequoia gigantea,*" he began, "better known in this country as the Wellingtonia, after the Iron Duke, I would

Continued on page 38

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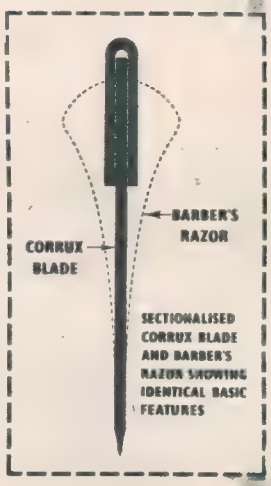

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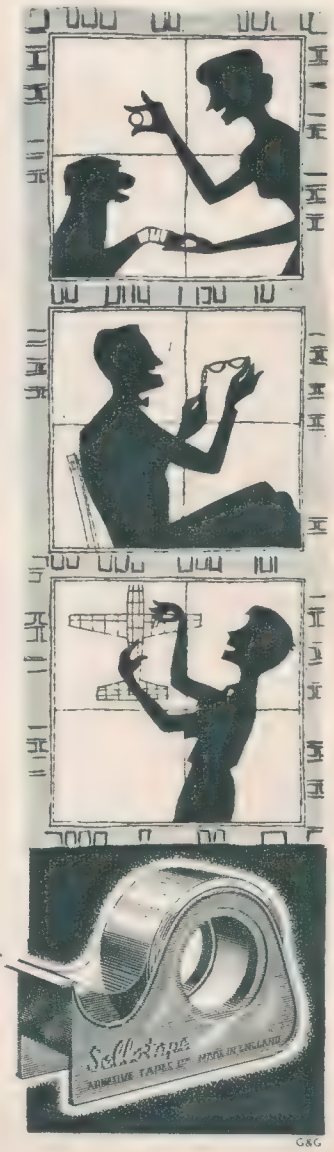

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A "game" at the Burden Neurological Institute in Bristol. Dr. Grey Walter, right, conducts an experiment with his mechanical tortoises

THE first time it was vividly brought home to me that machines can be constructed to *behave* like human beings was at Whitsun of last year, when I was taking Dr. Grey Walter's mechanical "tortoise" back to Bristol University in my car.

Grey Walter's tortoise—the little robot machine he has built to demonstrate the possibilities of new kinds of machines that scientists are now working on—is famous. It has appeared on television. At the British Association meeting of 1955 it ran among the audience, where it made darting movements towards women's stockings but scrupulously avoided men's trousers. This was a quite simple little scientific trick, based on brightness discrimination. There was nothing really sensational about it.

On this Whit-Sunday evening, after a scientific discussion during which the tortoise had been used as a demonstration, Grey Walter asked me to take it back to Bristol. So I loaded it into its hutch, which I put on the back seat of my car, and set out.

Several miles along the road, the hutch began to rattle. The noise grew louder and more insistent. Eventually I stopped the car and looked into the back seat.

The hutch shook with the tortoise's hammering. I opened the door and immediately the robot tried to push its way out. Not knowing how to handle it, I thrust it back and locked the door hurriedly.

All the way to the university the row on the back seat continued. I had a job to persuade the porter at the lodge that the box contained merely a harmless mechanical tortoise, and to get him to take it from me.

I learned later that the robot tortoise is so constructed that, when it needs recharging with electricity, it searches for and attaches itself to a plug in the Grey Walter laboratory. In my car it had needed recharging, so it had battered itself against the walls of the hutch, searching for an electric plug.

It was, to all intents and purposes, hungry and looking for food. It was not completely under

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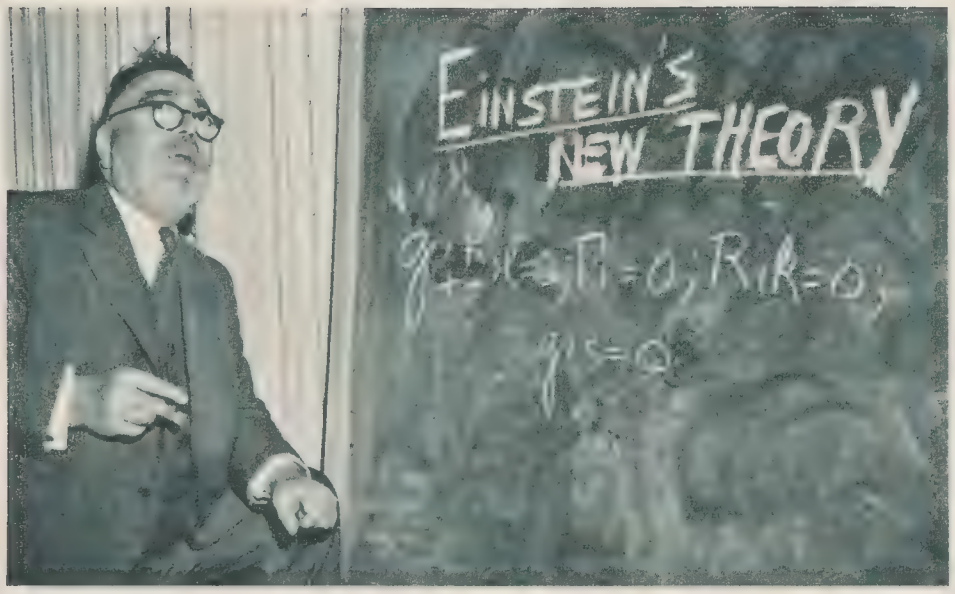


Norbert Wiener built anti-aircraft computers in America. His wartime discoveries stimulated robot research

John von Neumann, seen with his wife Klara, has proved that robots can be built so that they reproduce themselves

control, it could make a nuisance of itself, it was unpredictable. It had behaved in a way that was, to some extent, human.

Grey Walter's tortoise is little more than an experimental toy. But scientists now have considerable evidence to show that they could build more complex machines which would imitate *all* human activities.

The significance of this is not generally understood. People think of "automation" as just another scientific step forward, like radio—remarkable, comfortable, a new amenity of living. But it is something much more. It is the beginning of a vast revolution, compared to which the Industrial Revolution of the last century was no more than a passing phase.

It can, and in a few years probably will, remake the way of life of mankind. And Britain, through indifference, is falling behind in the race. The Russians have just started a Ministry of Automation, and integrated it into their new five-year plan.

To grasp what the new machine age will be like, one must understand what new sort of machines are now possible.

They are machines that, combining electronic and mechanical means, can learn, can store away what they have learned, and can afterwards make use of this stored memory in a way that strongly resembles thinking.

Throughout history, until now, machines have always been made to imitate the muscular system of man. Today we are starting to build machines that imitate his thinking activities.

There is a simple experiment which anyone with patience can try. An earthworm is placed at the end of the long arm of a T-shaped maze, which has leaves liked by earthworms at the end of one of the short arms, and an electric shock at the end of the other short arm. Although it may take two hundred trials, the worm will learn to turn towards the leaves and avoid the shock. A machine can be made to "learn" by experience in a similar way.

MACHINES of this kind began to have practical uses during the second World War, when there was an urgent need for computing machines, or giant brains as they are sometimes called, to work out heights and speeds of approaching enemy bombers. It had to be done far more quickly than the human brain could manage.

Several scientists, before the war, had been working on these computing machines, among them Dr. Claude Shannon of the Bell Telephone Company in America, and Dr. Alan Turing in England. But the most important single figure was that of Professor Norbert Wiener, head of the mathematics department of the world-famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was the scientist chiefly concerned in a wartime project to construct a large-scale computor to locate and plot enemy aircraft without human intervention.

After the war Professor Wiener and his associates published their discoveries, and scientists began to construct computors that were more and more complicated, and could do an increasing number of things more efficiently and much faster than humans.

Machines were constructed that could play such simple games as noughts and crosses, or draughts, or make opening moves in chess. There are computers capable of making, in a few seconds, calculations that would take a human mathematician years. One such computer was used in the last general election to work out, from the results as they came in, the probable eventual state of the polls. Large firms are using electronic brains instead of human calculators, and in industry electronic machines are controlling more and more of the assembly lines.

These new machines are different in one vital respect from what the word "machine" usually conjures up in a person's mind. For most people, a machine still means, say, a motor-cycle or a car, or some instrument that saves man's labour. These are *docile* machines. They do only what their human controllers make them do, and cannot in any sense act on their own.

But the new machines can, and do, "act on their own." They work on a principle that is called negative feedback. In its simplest forms, negative feedback is familiar to everybody. It is, for instance, the method by which the temperature of water heaters is controlled—the thermostat, which switches in whenever the temperature of the water gets too low, and switches out whenever the temperature gets too high. The change of temperature is the factor which controls the machine, which itself changes the temperature. It is a self-controlling mechanism of a simple kind.

Many human activities work on the same principle. Riding a bicycle is a good example. As the balance of the bicycle varies, information is automatically fed back to the rider's brain, which automatically makes adjustments in the position of the limbs and body to restore the balance. This, too, is negative feedback.

The machines that have it differ from the old, docile machines in just this—they are self-controlling in the same way that many human activities are self-controlling. They even go wrong in a way that is strikingly similar to human failures.

One night during a television programme, for instance, Grey Walter's robot tortoise would not return to its hutch. Its inventor rightly told viewers that the tortoise was being temperamental—as a result of some internal disorder.

The circuits in an electronic computing machine bear a resemblance, in the way they function, to human nerves. They transmit information, react to it, and memorize it. If an operator feeds a meaningless problem into one of these electronic brains, it oscillates in a manner similar to humans with certain neurological disorders.

IT is a long step, of course, from a machine that behaves in a way resembling some aspects of human behaviour, to the claim that machines could be built that could do *everything* that humans can do. But scientists have already covered part of the distance, and theoretically there is no reason why the whole step could not be taken.

To most people this seems fantasy. How would it be possible, for instance, to build machines that could reproduce themselves?

That question has been answered by Professor John von Neumann, another great mathematician, and an associate of Professor Wiener.

He has given clear instructions, which could certainly be put into practice, for building a robot machine that is capable of reproducing itself by using materials in its surroundings to build another identical, or even more complex, robot machine. The self-reproducing machine for which von Neumann has given the plan is complex, but composed of only three types of cell—muscular, nerve and transmission—and a set of coded instructions built into its "tail."

The coded instructions in the tail are not a form of cheating, since humans, and indeed all organisms, have such "tails" in the form of genes and chromosomes. These are the acknowledged means of transmitting characteristics from one generation to another. If such a machine were put on wheels—it would be very large—it could be made to travel about seeking the necessary materials for building its "child" wherever they could be found.

Von Neumann's machine has not been built, though there is no doubt that it could be. But already there are machines built, or being built, which work just as some human characteristics work.

At Bristol, for instance, we have in the blueprint stage a machine which we intend to use to study human vision. It will have a large robot "eye" on wheels, and a static "brain." It will imitate the workings of the human eye down to the smallest known details. Electronic

Continued on page 54

The Last Knife

by C. H. CALPIN and JUSTIN DOWLING

Dianne was at his mercy—and suddenly she knew. . . .
Crazy with jealousy, Carlos meant to kill her

THE knife hardly glinted as it somersaulted and slid into the wood at the side of the girl's head. Her eyes blinked once and no more. "One," she breathed, starting the count. High in the roof of the big tent the new trapeze star, Alfredo, sat swinging gently, looking down at the girl standing motionless against the circle of white board. And staring in the same direction, his over-large face set with anxiety, Midge, the dwarf, crouched on the ring fence with his knees tucked under his chin.

As Carlos selected another knife, the girl saw him glance darkly at the white-clad figure high above. A slight shiver trickled over her. Carlos ran his fingers down the ten-inch blade, his drawn face colouring with anger. With a swift turn on the ball of his left foot, and with scarcely an aim, he flung the knife at the board.

For a split second it seemed to hang on the flat arc of its somersault before it fell into the wood at the other side of the girl's head.

"Two," Dianne counted.

Carlos was not his real name. It was the name of a bullfighter he had read about when he was a boy living with his parents in Huddersfield. He always wanted to be a bullfighter, only there were no bulls in Huddersfield to practise on. The nearest thing he could get to it was to tie a sash round his waist and cover his mother's bread knife with a piece of old curtain and pretend it was the sword of a matador.

One day when his mother lost her temper with him, he threw the bread knife at the kitchen door, where it stuck quivering in the panel.

The discovery of the knife filled him with excitement. Next day he found an old, rusty sheath blade, sharpened it on an emery wheel, and spent his time throwing it at odd targets, making it somersault in the air and land "plonk."

He had been throwing knives ever since—bright-bladed, scintillating knives. And always he dressed as a matador, seeing himself as Carlos, the knife thrower, living the part and sleeping it, and growing into it until it possessed him.

Dianne was not her real name either. He had had many assistants in his time, but none of them stayed for more than a few months. They could not stand his jitters before the performance. They couldn't stand the lurking danger in every throw. Carlos might be the greatest knife thrower in the world, but that was no recommendation to a girl who thought of her figure. It only meant the knives crunched into the board too near to be comfortable.

It was not funny to have knives thrown at you by a blindfold knife thrower. So eventually you left the job and found a safer one, like serving in a shop.

Carlos decided that the only way to keep an assistant was to marry her. Dianne appeared at the right moment. She was mousy-haired, but she had the perfect figure for the job—the exciting limbs at the dawn of youth; and by the time he had transformed her, her hair fell on her shoulders in waves of gold.

"You mean to say that's all I have to do? Stand against the board and let you throw knives at me?"

"That and marry me," Carlos said.

Carlos never forgot the look she gave him. It seemed to say, "I thought there was a catch in it." Then, with the casual resignation of her kind, "I'll take it," she said.

"I'll look after you," Carlos assured her.

She threw him a cynical smile and said: "You just keep to your knife throwing, eh?"

Carlos flushed at the insinuation. His hand leaped to strike her, his voice to lash her out of his sight. Then he remembered that his skill was no use without an assistant. He needed her more than she needed him.

"I'll show you where to go," he said, controlling his temper.

AT first they played the side shows at the circus. Dianne proved to be the perfect foil for his art, both of them waiting for the opportunity to get into the big top, hating the cramped quarters to which they were relegated, Carlos fuming with envy of the stars of the centre ring, the trapeze artists and the equestriennes.

The chance came. One day a circus hand popped his head into the tent. "The Count wants you," he said, and disappeared as quickly as he had come.

The Count was the circus owner, a tall man with a cadaverous face who used words sparingly. "I saw your act," he said. "It's good. You go into the ring tonight."

That night Carlos tried out a long-practised variation in his routine. Dianne lighted a cigarette and turned against the white board in profile, a wisp of blue smoke rising from the cigarette's tip. Carlos chose a knife. He gave it a few quick passes, cutting the air, then slid it from his fingers with lightning speed.

A rustle of applause reached him. Carlos repeated the throw. The applause spread and surged as knife after knife grazed the girl's thighs and shoulders. For the first time in his life he knew that others knew he was the greatest knife thrower in the world. . . .

Now, he was still the greatest knife thrower in the world. The word "still" nudged him again as he repeated it. He could not remember when it had first

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

A shiver trickled over the girl as Carlos chose another knife. He ran his fingers down the blade, his face dark with anger

Alfredo put his arms round her. Neither of them saw the tent flap open. . . . Carlos had come back

edged a doubt in his mind. It had slipped in somehow along the circus route. He was conscious of it, even as he watched Dianne against the white board.

The years had done something for her that they had not done for him. She was disturbingly attractive, and by the time he came to love her his face was thin and pallid under the dark stubble of his chin, his once-smooth legs were knotted, the muscles showing through like whipcord. His skill was the same as ever. It was the years that were unsure, his need of her filling his whole being.

Until now, they had lived their separate lives, with only the act binding them together. But as Carlos came to love her, every glance she had for others tormented his heart and frayed his nerves.

Then Alfredo came. Even before he came, the advance notices made Carlos jealous. He was described as the greatest trapeze artist of all time, the man who could do the triple somersault, the most difficult act in circus history.

No sooner had he arrived than he threw Dianne warm glances. They were about the same age. Soon Alfredo was showing her some of the simpler feats on the trapeze. Everywhere Carlos went, in the towns the circus visited, Alfredo smiled at him from the red-and-yellow bills.

Now, as Carlos fingered another knife, Alfredo's gentle swinging up in the roof gave him the jitters. He had the feeling that Alfredo could read his thoughts and was waiting his time for Dianne. Some of the sting of his suspicion went into his grip and into the flinging madness of his throw. The knife entered the board like a slant of lightning and almost touched Dianne's thigh.

It was the sort of throw which at performances would have filled the big top with the thunder of applause and emptied it of sound in the hush of waiting for the next. It was the sort of throw that had made him Carlos the Great. He stood poised as the music of it filled his soul.

Suddenly out of the silence a voice stung him. "You are throwing them too close," it shouted.

Carlos swung round, fuming. It was Midge, the dwarf. Carlos threw up his hands in despair.

"You again!" he cried. "I thought I told you to keep out while I'm practising."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Carlos," Midge said humbly. "I didn't mean. . . ."

Carlos turned to his wife, exasperated. "What can I do?" he asked desperately.

"Oh, come on, Carlos," Dianne said irritated. "Throw that last knife and let's get it over before you lose your temper again."

Carlos glowered at her. With a splutter of rage, he flung the knife into the ground at her feet, turned and walked out of the tent.

DIANNE shrugged and strolled across to the ring to pick up her cigarettes, resentment at Carlos mounting in her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Carlos," Midge said contritely, running across to her. "I was afraid. He throws them so close."

Dianne gagged his mouth with her hand and laughed. She liked the little fellow. "You shouldn't come to watch, Midge," Dianne said.

The dwarf looked at her pleadingly. He didn't want to watch, but he couldn't stay away. "I can't help it," he said. There was a sob in his voice.

Dianne ruffled his hair. "I know," she said with a soft laugh. "Let's keep it a secret, eh?"

Neither of them saw Alfredo a foot above their heads. He had come silently down the rope ladder, listening to their conversation without a smile on his lips. Suddenly he was beside them. He studied them for a moment, his eyes mocking.

"You know, Dianne, I believe this half-pint is in love with you."

Blood rushed into the dwarf's puckered face and, outraged and embarrassed, he ran from the tent, his tiny hands cupped over his ears so as not to hear anything more that Alfredo might say.

"You shouldn't have said that," Dianne said to Alfredo.

Alfredo ignored the remark. "Carlos again, huh?" he said.

"Yes," she said, blowing the anger from her lips.

Alfredo gave a little smile. "I don't know why you stay with him," he said. "The little runt is right. He's got the jitters. One day he'll make a mistake."

Dianne looked at him. "Carlos doesn't make mistakes," she said. "I'll say that much for him."

"Listen, Dianne," Alfredo went on. "I'm telling you, he's half crazy and——"

Dianne interrupted him.

"Please, Alfredo, let's leave Carlos out of it," she said.

"Of course," Alfredo answered. "You know how I feel. I'm just thinking of you. I can't bear to see you like this. Why, with your figure I could make you a star in no time."

Dianne smiled wearily. "Yes, I know, but. . . ."

Alfredo glanced round. There was no one in the big top. He took a step nearer her. "You are beautiful, Dianne," he whispered. As he spoke he took her in his arms.

"Don't, Alfredo!" she said.

Alfredo smiled to himself without releasing her. Neither of them saw the flap in the walling open. Carlos had returned to the tent for his knives.

He stood for a fraction of a second, then shut the sight of them from his eyes.

Stumbling blindly to his tent, he stood staring into his thoughts—and gradually became aware that he was looking at the small framed photograph of their wedding, standing on Dianne's dressing-table, with its mute reminder of the bargain—in Dianne's words—that he should keep to his knife throwing. Carlos picked it up to get a nearer view and then, with a grunt of rage, flung it across the tent. It struck a chair and fell face upwards, splintering the glass.

Angry at himself and at her, he grabbed his coat and left the tent.

When Dianne found the photograph, a shudder went through her. She felt sick with anxiety. Hurriedly she arranged the picture in its frame and replaced it on her dressing-table, for a moment her eyes softening at what she saw.

For days, except at performances, they scarcely saw each other, and seldom spoke. Carlos went through the act with mechanical precision, morose and glowering throughout, throwing knives through paper hoops, blindfolded, throwing knives over his shoulder, all with the careless indifference of a star, making it look easy, yet thrilling the packed seats in the tent.

Dianne watched him motionless, counting the throws, marvelling at his skill, but resentful and angry. Knife throwing was all he lived for: he had no time for anything else. She merely provided the target and the element of danger that brought the audience to its feet. She couldn't stand it much longer. Some day she would leave him. Walk out as the others had done.

Between performances there were great voids of time when Carlos walked silent and alone, knowing that Dianne was with Alfredo, hating her because he hated him. For hours he stood watching the big cats in their cages, seeing himself in their baleful eyes.

One day Midge came up to him. "Say, Mr. Carlos," he said inquiringly.

"What do you want?" Carlos snapped.

"I've got to talk to you, Mr. Carlos. I've

Continued on page 36

Motor-cars may be more profitable to Harry Jacobs, but harness and livery appeal to his devil-may-care sense of fun and adventure

Horse cabby with the old-time jingle

by DAVID MILLWOOD

ONE bitterly cold night last February, a lanky, grey-haired garage director named Harry Jacobs left the warmth of his fireside at Wanstead, on the outskirts of London, to keep a midnight appointment in the West End. The rendezvous was arranged the week before by a customer who phoned to order an open landau complete with liveried coachman to take four passengers at midnight precisely from an address in Park Lane to the Dorchester Hotel—a journey of less than four hundred yards.

Jacobs, who specializes in the hire of horse-drawn vehicles, quoted £16 for the job, fully expecting that his mysterious customer would cry off. Instead, the man promised to put a cheque in the post, confirmed the appointment and rang off.

In the circumstances, Jacobs did not feel that he could ask one of the six men his firm employs as coachmen to take on the job. Also, he was curious. He decided to drive the landau himself.

The temperature was well below freezing point when he set out from Wanstead by car with two grey geldings in a horse-box. At his firm's garage in Mile End Road he changed into green livery, harnessed the geldings to a smartly painted landau and, with his legs wrapped in rugs, headed west through the almost deserted city streets.

As the clocks began striking midnight, Jacobs, his fingers and toes numb with cold, turned into Park Lane and reined in at one of the large mansions overlooking Hyde Park. On the first stroke of the hour, four men wearing top hats and white silk scarves emerged from the house, waved him a salute and climbed into the carriage.

Less than a minute later, at the entrance to the Dorchester, they climbed out—and Jacobs had earned £16. He was not surprised when one of his fares produced a pound note: he has often had tips of four and five pounds. But instead of handing over the note, the man called up to him: "Odds or evens?"

Jacobs replied, "Odds." For a moment the man on the pavement scrutinized the note. "Odds it is!" he announced, and handed it up. The other three each produced a pound note and repeated the question. It means: is the last figure on the note odd or even?

Jacobs guessed correctly three times out of four. "The gentlemen seemed quite satisfied with the result. They said good night and disappeared into the hotel."

DRIVING horse carriages on and off for half a century has taught Jacobs to take the unusual and eccentric in his stride. He recently drove a middle-aged man wearing Victorian clothes from a Bayswater hotel to the Albert Memorial. On arrival, his passenger climbed out, bowed low to the monument and then re-entered the carriage and drove back to his hotel, apparently oblivious of the curious stares of passers-by.

The carriages that Jacobs drives belong to the last private-hire fleet of horse-drawn vehicles in London and include two landaus, one brougham, one hansom cab, two phaetons, a two-wheeled dog-cart, a show wagon, a buggy, a ralli-car, and a stage-coach which first took the road in the reign of George IV, 130 years ago. The latest addition is a surrey, an elegant four-wheeler which recently appeared, but was not identified, on television's *Puzzle Corner*.

Jacobs runs the horse carriage fleet with his seventy-five year old brother Dave, who is managing director of the firm. Only one of their coachmen is employed full time on horse carriages; the others also drive lorries. The demand for horse carriages today is spasmodic and depends to a large extent on their value as an eye-catching anachronism.

Few people hire them now just because they prefer to travel in the manner of a bygone age, says Jacobs. There is usually a commercial reason. Advertising stunts, election campaigns, films, television, carnivals, processions, weddings, rags and state occasions provide most of his customers.

A recent exception was an elderly man who asked that he and his wife should be driven around for an hour—anywhere—to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. He explained: "We went for such a ride fifty years ago, on our wedding day."

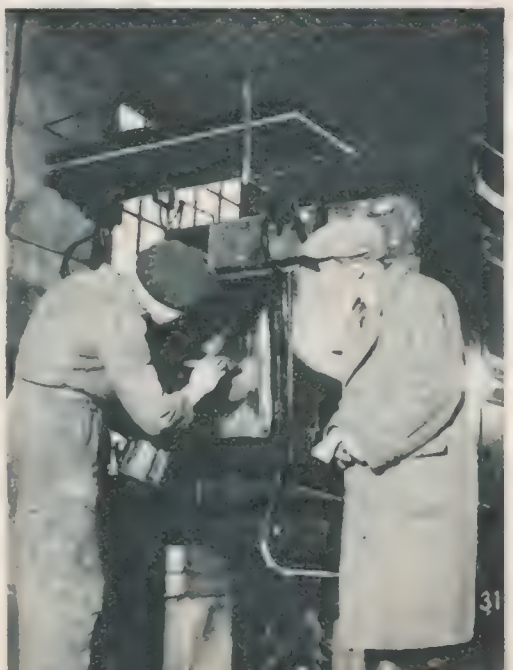
Horse carriages are popular with those seeking personal publicity—Diana Dors, Gilbert Harding and Anita Ekberg, whom Jacobs drove round Piccadilly on a stage-coach on New Year's Eve, are among his recent passengers. In 1954, women M.P.s led by Dr. Edith Summerskill drove to Westminster in an open carriage to stage an equal-pay-for-women demonstration. When Peter Ustinov left Britain a few years ago on a visit to the United States he drove in a brougham from his London home to Waterloo Station. His luggage followed by taxi.

A high-spirited, adventurous nature and a devil-may-care sense of fun have led Jacobs to take on many dangerous jobs. A seventy-one

Continued on page 35

The twenty-stone Queen of Tonga rode in a Jacobs landau at the Coronation. The firm provided nine carriages for the day

Harry Jacobs has looked after coaches and carriages since 1919. He often appears in films in which his horses and vehicles are used



STAR OF THE JUNGLE

For six years, Hong Sing had fought and killed—and yearned for glory.

Today he was on the threshold of fame . . . by JACK GRIFFITH

HONG SING raised his head cautiously above the undergrowth and looked through diagonal ranks of rubber trees, each with its latex cup pointing towards the village barely half a mile away.

Although he could not see the village he knew it was there, and that in the village lay most of his immediate danger, particularly the area security unit—but he did not worry much about them.

It was not a large village, mostly main street made up largely of coffee shops which more than satisfied the needs of the community. At the moment it was under curfew for supplying food to bandits, which was an annoyance to strangers more than to bandits. It was surrounded by barbed wire which could be broken when the gates at each end of the main road were opened.

Despite the punishment of curfew, Hong Sing had come for more provisions. They lay at his feet, although so well hidden that the casual eye, perhaps even the searching eye, could not discern them.

He and Kim Boon had come for them, but Kim Boon had stopped a little way back.

"You go and fetch them," Kim Boon had said. "I'll wait here." He spoke in Mandarin, the language of the jungle.

"But they might be too heavy for me. It might take two to carry."

"It's bad tactics for both of us to risk being killed. If you fail I'll come after you and get the stuff myself."

"But. . . ."

"I order you. I am still your branch secretary. If you don't, I'll report you and get you punished for disobedience. You will lose your promotion, comrade."

He did not know whether Kim Boon could really lose him his promotion but the very thought frightened him. He knew Kim Boon was right about its being bad tactics for both of them to be killed. But he also knew that Kim Boon was sending him on alone so that he could smoke. And smoking was against regulations.

He suspected that Kim Boon, like many others, had joined the Party for what he could get out of it rather than for what he could put into it. But he had realized the wisdom of bowing to Kim Boon's tyrannical will for just a few more days, till his promotion was safely carried through. So he had obediently gone on alone.

Alone! He had been alone since, six years before, he had given up his job as a town fishmonger to follow a dream, a star, a red star in the jungle. He had renounced friendship and fellowship, for he had found neither with his new comrades. They had thought different thoughts. And though their beliefs united them in purpose, the loveless nature of those beliefs could not unite them in anything else. It was by that renunciation and loneliness he hoped to express the greatness he believed lay within him.

For years he had admired the photographs of American film stars, but their fame was, he knew, thin as the paper on which they were printed. To be forgotten after one was dead was natural, but to be forgotten while still alive showed that their fame was unreal.

Later he had admired the photographs of Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. These were great men indeed, and would be remembered long after they had died. Greatness had been theirs from birth, like many other people, but unlike the others they had moulded their birthright into something in keeping with their vast inheritance.

Then, one day, in a coffee shop on the Penang Road, when he had been talking of the greatness of Roosevelt and Churchill, a hitherto silent man whom he barely knew had pulled out photographs and displayed them to Hong Sing and his friends.

"These are great men, real great men," the stranger had said, his eyes gleaming earnestly behind thick glasses. "They had no high birth to put them where they are. They are not film stars who live on the luck of having good looks. They have made their own greatness by sacrifice and service."

Hong Sing had become interested at once. These men had had their photographs taken, photographs which were being carried and shown round by admirers.

ONCE, several years before, Hong Sing had had his photograph taken. It had been on the occasion when his rich cousin Lin had come on a visit from Singapore and they had been photographed standing side by side outside Hong Sing's fishmonger's shop. The photograph was Hong Sing's proudest possession—until he had lost it during a hurried retreat in the jungle.

"Who is that?" Hong Sing had asked of the stranger, pointing to one of the glossy pictures.

"Mao Tse-tung, People's Leader in China," had been the reply.

Hong Sing had gazed at it for a long time, then turned to the other. "And that?" he asked, pointing.

"Stalin, People's Leader in Russia. They are men who have come from the same place as you and I." The stranger had shuffled through the remainder of the glossy photographs, displaying them as if holding a hand of cards. "They are the chosen of the People," he had said, picking out some which showed pictures of the two leaders imprinted upon banners with crowds looking on. "They are the saviours of the people, and the people know it."

Hong Sing had heard vaguely of both Stalin and Mao but had never seen pictures of them.

"You mean they rose from low beginnings like ours, like mine, and had their pictures taken and shown to everybody?"

"Yes."

"And have I the same chance to have my picture shown to everybody?"

The stranger had looked at him queerly for a little while without replying, then said slowly, as if wanting every word to carry weight: "Yes. By obedience and suffering you, too, can become the saviour of the People and have your picture shown to them. But you will have to suffer much to attain that."

Hong Sing had begged two photographs, one of each leader, and had gone home in a wonderful dream. For days he had gazed on the pictures when opportunity had offered, holding that of Lin and himself between the two great men, daring to hope that one day he would stand between them in the flesh, in complete equality—that one day his photograph, too, would be on a banner and that crowds would look up in admiration. For days he had walked in the clouds, Mao on one side of him and Stalin on the other. They had suffered; he could suffer. They had fought; he could fight. They had killed; he could kill.

And he had given up his comparatively easy and remunerative occupation and gone into the jungle to suffer, to fight, and to kill.

He had suffered. He had been wounded and diseased. He had experienced hardship almost to starvation, and he had known the ravages of leeches and ants and other infuriating creatures of the wild. He had fought, taking part in the boldest raids and rearguard actions which had helped his comrades to escape while he missed death by only the slimmest of margins.

He had done all this for six years because he had believed in his star and in the eventual greatness with which he would be credited by loyal comrades and the grateful masses. His virtues, his sacrifices, his obedience would all be appreciated by the party he loved and served.

Until this morning it had not worked out like that. After six years he was still where he had begun, a simple member of a branch. Death and promotion had taken a steady stream of Party members through the cell, but he had still not become branch secretary.

At the moment there were only two members, he and Kim Boon. And, of only two, Kim Boon was the secretary. Kim Boon, who was only an illiterate tapioca planter. Kim Boon, who was four years younger. Kim Boon, who had been in the jungle less than two years. Kim Boon, who disobeyed orders when it suited him and never got punished for it. Yet Kim Boon seemed to be getting somewhere. . . . And he himself had started as nothing and was remaining as nothing.

At least, that had been the position on the previous night.

But this morning a dispatch had come through

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

ordering Hong Sing's promotion. There must have been serious set-backs somewhere because whole branches were being re-formed from the relics of others. He and Kim Boon were both being promoted to district committee members.

He and Kim Boon were to be equals. Important equals. He wondered who had urged this promotion for him. Certainly not Kim Boon.

He felt elated because after these six long years of suffering without promotion of any kind his sacrifice was suddenly beginning to bear such rich fruit. The thought lifted him as if he were borne on wings of jubilation and his ambitions, so long dulled, began to soar again. Suppose, just suppose, that even greater promotion should follow rapidly on the heels of this success. Suppose that he might suddenly surge forward now on a new tide of triumph, achieve the final heights for which he had endured so much and so long.

His photograph, blazoned across the whole of Malaya like Mao's or Stalin's. The crowning triumph brought to glorious reality. . . .

He checked his daydreams firmly. For the present he had but to endure Kim Boon a few more days and they would be equalized, separated and placed, each of them, in positions of importance.

He kept looking towards the village, his eyes blinking rapidly. In the village was a coffee shop which he sometimes visited in secret and where he drank sweet tea at a marble-topped table. The people of the village were ordinary people who sometimes had their own photographs taken on some outstanding occasion like a wedding. Then they fastened them around the walls of their houses or pushed them face upwards under the glass tops of round tables.

They wanted in a small way what he wanted in a big way, but they were not prepared to suffer for the slender chance of achieving that privilege, so their photographs were seen only by relatives and friends and casual callers, as his had been.

The village held everything he had given

Hong Sing turned the paper over and stared at the photograph. "What are you doing with that?" asked the angry voice of Kim Boon

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up. People were riding bicycles back and fore in it, husbands with wives on the carriers, mothers with children. A tall Sikh, with a high pack on his carrier, cycled in silent dignity. In the shops, at the corners and the bus stops, even around the police posts at either end of the village, there was chatter and badinage and mirth.

There was life in the village, and laughter and love. It was the soul of the people and it meant everything to Hong Sing. It was his renunciation of it which showed the height of sacrifice he could achieve.

He stooped to pull the provisions from their hiding-place. When he saw them he was surprised. They were much less than he had expected.

A piece of paper fell from between the packages as he pulled them apart.

He opened it. On it was a series of illustrations showing how a repentant Communist could give himself up and be welcomed as a friend by former enemies.

Hong Sing had seen such things before. He knew that on the other side would be the photograph of some actual Communist to whom the message and advice were directed. He would be encouraged to renounce the rigours and hardships of the jungle, which could lead only to death and disappointment, and become a prosperous citizen living in peace and security.

Hong Sing turned the paper over and stared at the photograph.

"What are you doing with that?" a hard, angry voice asked.

It was Kim Boon, tired of waiting, come to investigate for himself. "That paper isn't for you. Give it to me. At once. That's an order, comrade."

Discipline was strong upon Hong Sing, and for nearly a year he had been obeying Kim Boon's every arrogant, contemptuous order. There were several more days to go before he would cease to be Kim Boon's underling.

Or—were there? Even as his hand moved to obey the order and give Kim Boon the paper, he saw the face on the picture looking up at him.

A flame of conflict surged through him, shattering the last fetters of servility, freeing him from the oppressive weight of the cold, almost inhuman doctrine which had controlled his life for so long. It was no longer a matter of "tomorrow" or "next week." He knew himself in that moment to be the master of Kim Boon and he knew in his heart that he had been afraid of Kim Boon and was afraid no longer.

"Do you hear what I say? Obey me."

For a second Kim Boon's voice sounded terrifying in his ears. But the picture looked steadfastly up at him as the last qualm of fear died.

His hand moved calmly to his holster. He raised his revolver till it was almost level with Kim Boon's startled face. His eyes, which had hitherto never quite dared to meet Kim Boon's, met them now and danced with mockery.

He reached out, took Kim Boon's revolver and pitched it into the undergrowth with a contemptuous flick of the wrist.

"Are you mad?" Kim Boon whispered.

"Be silent." He spoke with an authority that sounded unrecognizable in his own ears. "I will speak, you will listen, miserable creature. Our ways part here. I am going where you will not dare to follow. I would take you with me and hand you over to those who appreciate my true worth but we have suffered much together and for that reason I will spare you to return to your wretched life from which no one has yet seen fit to raise you.

"You will make a poor district committee member, Kim Boon. I am deeply sorry for those who must serve under you. They will soon perish—and you with them. Now run, back to your hideout before I repent of my benevolence and shoot you for the dog you are."

Kim Boon made a little whimpering sound and backed away. As Hong Sing lowered his revolver, he turned and blundered into the jungle.

Hong Sing knew he would never see him again.

He tore the protecting waterproof from the precious stores and scattered the rice and sugar over the damp ground. With purposeful kicks he demolished the little mounds piled near his feet.

Throwing aside his revolver he set out towards the village to surrender.

Joy was in his heart at last. His goal had been achieved, his years of suffering rewarded. Yet it had not been achieved by those whom he had served and whom he had called his friends. It was those whom he had regarded as his enemies who had done this for him.

As he went along, he sang. His voice was flat and unmelodious, but still he sang. In his hand he still clutched the paper containing instructions on how a Communist could give himself up.

There must be thousands of them scattered across the length and breadth of Malaya, he thought, *and all with the same photograph on the back.* Thousands of them, all printed by the people he had called his enemies.

The half containing cousin Lin had been cut off; but he, Hong Sing, was there, standing proudly in front of his fishmonger's shop.

It was, unmistakably, the photograph of himself. THE END

Horse cabby with the old-time jingle

Continued from page 31

year old Londoner with a gravelly cockney voice and a lined, weather-beaten face, he frequently claims that he will drive anything.

Eight years ago, Jacobs was asked to provide three Roman-type chariots complete with horses and charioteers for a pageant at Brighton. He considered the experience too good to miss and drove one of the chariots himself.

Clad in metal helmet and breastplate and short, pleated skirt, Jacobs led the charioteers in a series of thrilling races round a course at Preston Park. In the middle of one race he tried to overtake the leader on a bend, crashed through railings and narrowly missed one of the crowded stands.

FILM directors who hire carriages often ask Jacobs to act as coachman, particularly if they use a stage-coach which is easier to hire than a man capable of driving it. When he delivered a stage-coach to Shepherds Bush Studios some years ago, Jacobs found that the director wanted close-up shots of the coachman while the coach was travelling at speed. He drove the team crouching on the pole between the horses. The actor who played the coachman dangled the reins and provided facial expressions for the camera.

Another film director tried shouts, fireworks, gunshots and flashbulbs to make a stage-coach team rear up and gallop away. None of them worked. Jacobs earned the director's thanks, and a part in the film, by demonstrating how it could be done. Holding the reins firm, he shouted: "Git up!" Confused by the contradiction of firm reins and an order to go, the horses reared. When they were high on their hind legs, Jacobs let them have their heads, and off they went.

Occasionally, stage shows feature a horse carriage, which Jacobs will supply. As a prop for the London production of *Oklahoma!* he charged £10 a week for the hire of a surrey. The man who hired it for the producer was delighted to find that it was an almost exact replica of the vehicle used in the Broadway version of the show, but after ten weeks he returned, anxious about the mounting expense, and asked to buy it. Jacobs, who had earned £100 for hire of the vehicle, parted with it "at a fair price"—£40.

He once supplied a large grey gelding for a temperamental young actress to ride on stage as Lady Godiva—dressed in flesh-pink lace tights and with false hair down to her knees. As well as delivering the horse to the theatre and sending it on to the stage at the appropriate moment, it was his duty to help Lady Godiva to mount.

One night, as she put her foot in the stirrup, she tore her tights and lost her temper. As the horse ambled on, she ignored Jacobs's warning not to pull on the reins. The horse reared, threw her off and then slipped on the stage and fell into the orchestra pit.

"No one was hurt," says Jacobs, "but for a few minutes there was pandemonium. I rushed on stage, extricated the horse from the orchestra and led it up the centre aisle and out by the main entrance."

Jacobs acts as coachman for pleasure rather than profit. "There's no money in it," he says. "It costs about four pounds a week to keep a horse in food alone."

His firm has no fixed scale of charges, but for a wedding in London it charges from £5 to £10 for a landau or brougham, with an extra three guineas for a footman.

Sometimes, contrary to their business interests, the Jacobs brothers persuade customers to hire horse-drawn vehicles in preference to motor-cars, particularly for weddings. "A young woman likes to be noticed on her wedding day," says Dave Jacobs. "Everyone stops to admire a bride who rides to church in an open carriage drawn by a smart pair of greys."

One young woman in South Wales was so determined to ride to church in a landau—"I've always dreamed about it," she said—that she postponed the marriage ceremony twice and enraged her family until they could oblige her.

In summer, Jacobs often has to hire extra vehicles, coachmen and footmen to provide transport for big society weddings in London. If the wedding is outside London he loads the carriage on to a trailer and the team into a horse-box.

In this way he managed to start out in a stage-coach from Hyde Park at the same time as competitors in a veteran car rally. He arrived in Brighton, to lead the procession, half an hour before the first car.

His firm provided nine carriages, with coachmen and footmen, for the Coronation, and charged more than £1,000. All the carriages were re-painted royal blue with red-striped wheel spokes; the coachmen spent four months rehearsing and getting their horses accustomed to noise and crowds.

An anxious army officer in charge of the carriage arrangements suggested installing special springs, at state expense, in the landau which was to carry the twenty-stone Queen of Tonga. The offer was refused as unnecessary. "Our carriages may be old," says Jacobs, "but they are strong."

The main problem in maintaining a horse-drawn fleet in present-day London is to find experienced coachmen—"a dying race," says Jacobs.

The horses, which are trained for show jumping as well as private hire by Jacobs and his brother, are suitable for most types of carriage work except such occasions as Easter Parades and New Year's Eve celebrations. "You need the old, docile nag for jobs like that," says Jacobs. "Ours would be too young and temperamental and might cause trouble if they were hemmed in by crowds."

Each vehicle carries a hackney licence, which costs a guinea a year for a four-wheeler and 15s. for a two-wheeler. Once a former circus barker hired Jacobs to take Americans on sightseeing tours, saying: "The Yanks will pay anything to travel around London in a buggy."

"We kept within the law by picking up passengers from a West End club, but after a few days the barker's natural talents got the better of him and he started barking for customers in the street, which is illegal. At the first opportunity I dropped him."

The son of a London cabby who founded the family business with a hansom cab in 1855, Harry Jacobs has an absorbing interest in anything to do with horses.

He is the youngest of a family of thirteen, four of whom are still alive. Harry learned to ride as a schoolboy and at fourteen was working full time for his father, who then ran a public house and livery stables in Mile End Road. His experience of horses includes three and a half years on a Canadian ranch in his twenties, three years as a farmer in Australia and service with the Australian cavalry in the first World War.

After demobilization from the Australian forces, Jacobs returned to England and rejoined the family business. Since 1919 he has shared most of the horse carriage work with his brother Dave.

Although they now run four London garages and fleets of hire cars, lorries and coaches, the Jacobs brothers prefer to leave the motor-vehicle side of the business to John Marvel, their manager.

"Horses are more rewarding to work with," says Harry Jacobs. "They know their job, take a pride in looking smart and like to be admired. Cars are just pieces of metal." THE END

MANNERS—1

Bad manners simply indicate that you care a good deal more for the food than for the society at the table.

Gelett Burgess

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The last knife

Continued from page 30

got to talk to you in private. About Mrs. Carlos."

Carlos ordered him off without looking at him.

"I'll go to Mrs. Carlos then," Midge said in childish protest.

"Get out!" Carlos thundered.

Midge found Dianne in the big top with Alfredo. They had just come down from the high trapeze.

"I've got to talk to you, Mrs. Carlos," he said. There was urgency in his large round eyes.

"What about, Midge?" Dianne asked.

Midge looked at Alfredo and then at Dianne. "You know," he said.

Annoyed, Alfredo broke in, "Look," he said, staring at Midge, "why don't you go and grow up?"

The dwarf's face went purple. He raised himself on to the toes of his highly polished black boots, and in his fury spat at Alfredo.

Alfredo blazed up. "Why, you little pig! What you need is a lesson in manners!"

With a sudden twist of his arm, he caught hold of Midge and carried him as he would a child, exclaiming, "Come on, you little beast! I'll give you one!"

Alfredo was half-way up the rope ladder before Dianne realized what was happening.

"Don't, Alfredo!" she cried.

Terrified, the dwarf yelled at the top of his voice, wriggling his tiny legs. When he reached the trapeze, Alfredo set Midge on it like a ventriloquist's doll.

Putting his hands on the ropes, Alfredo blurted. "You stay there until you cool off." He gave the trapeze a push into the empty roof.

Midge trembled with terror as the trapeze began to swing. He tried to shout, but no sound came. He grasped the ropes so tightly it made him feel sick. He shut his eyes as he glanced down the giddy fifty-foot drop to the ground.

Dianne watched with horror and revulsion as Alfredo climbed down the rope.

"That will settle him," Alfredo said, when he dropped to the ground.

Dianne looked at him. Without a word, she raised her hand and stung him across the face.

"You beast!" she muttered, and then ran to the rope ladder, shouting as she did so, "Hold on, Midge! Hold on! I'm coming to get you."

Quickly she climbed the rope ladder and stepped on to the platform opposite the trapeze. She measured the distance between her and the bar on which Midge was swinging. In a breathless moment she threw herself into the air, her heart pounding violently.

Her momentum took the trapeze almost over to the far platform, and she threw her body forward to ensure that on its return it gained height. She rode to the top of the arc once more, and then, putting all her strength into the forward impulse of the trapeze, she swung high enough to feel the platform under her feet. Clutching Midge in her arms, she lifted him to safety. He had already fainted.

She carried him down the ladder as if he were a baby. When she reached the ground, Alfredo had disappeared. She carried Midge to his quarters and left him there. He had come round enough to smile at her, but he was weak with shock.

As Dianne walked slowly away she thought of Alfredo. It was a mean despicable trick to play on a dwarf. She was ashamed, too, of her own part in it, and her blind stupidity. She wondered what Midge wanted to say to her.

Quickening her step, she went looking for Carlos. She scoured the side shows and the menagerie, but she could not find him. Forlorn, and somehow apprehensive now, she walked slowly back to the tent, unmindful of the performers about her. It was almost time for the evening show. Sitting at her table, she went through the actions of dressing in a torment of anxiety.

She was in a frenzy, when suddenly Carlos appeared, haggard and drawn, his eyes shot with red, as if he had been drinking. He threw off his coat quickly and stripped to the waist.

"I looked everywhere for you, Carlos," she said. "Where have you been?"

Carlos did not answer.

"What's the matter with you?" she went on, irritated by his silence. Her face flushed with resentment. "All right, have it your own way. You've always had it your own way, ever since you offered me a job. All you wanted was a target for your knife throwing. What sort of woman do you think I am? I won't stand it any more."

Carlos stood over her, his eyes blazing.

"You won't stand it any more, eh?" he said angrily. "I'll tell you the sort of woman you are. The whole circus knows what sort of woman you are. You're the sort of woman that's fit for the sort of man that Alfredo is, that's all."

Dianne shrank from his lashing tongue.

They were late. The act was to go on in a minute or two. Even now they should be waiting at the performers' entrance. There was no time to explain. Hurriedly she put the finishing touches to her make-up.

"Come on," Carlos said, striding out of the tent.

Dianne followed. "Carlos," she said in a level voice, "you're making a mistake about Alfredo. . . ."

She did not finish. Already the jugglers, hot and exhausted, their arms full of silver dumb-bells, were bowing out of the big top, the applause rippling over them.

Quickly, hand in hand, Carlos and Dianne ran toward the ring, bowing as they went.

The band went into a Spanish dance. Carlos threw the first knife on the same beat as he had done for hundreds of performances. The beam of light circled on Dianne. The knife cut through it, gleaming silver as it sped quivering into the board. At the moment of its strike the globes that bordered the wood changed colour from red to green.

Dianne began to count. "One," she breathed.

The crowd watched, silent at first.

Carlos moved in shadow, the spotlights so arranged that the blades seemed to appear out of the night, flashing from unseen fingers. For a moment Carlos darted into the light, and then out of it again. His heart pounded, his mind reeled as the applause swelled and died. His eyes were on Dianne, staring at her, her image blurred by his mad jealousy and hatred.

The knives flashed, grazing Dianne's thighs. The crowd watched in utter silence, as though aware of the terrible tension. Midge, pale as a ghost, stood at the side entrance, a prayer in his throat.

Dianne had stopped counting. Fear trickled in her limbs as the blades came at her, and with it the sudden dawning of the knowledge that Carlos intended to kill her. Somewhere in his dark mind, while she was looking for him, he was deciding to make a mistake, the man who couldn't make a mistake.

She thought again of Midge and what he had wanted to tell her. For a moment she thought of leaping from the board in search of safety. The next, she knew that she would stand motionless, waiting.

"Carlos," she tried to say.

As she breathed his name, a sudden realization spread over her. Carlos was killing her because he loved her. Carlos! That was what Midge had been trying to tell her—that Carlos loved her.

"Carlos," she said again. "Carlos."

But Carlos no longer heard. Quickly an attendant stepped up to him and tied a red silk scarf round his head. The image of Dianne—or was it Alfredo?—was etched upon his sight. In a moment he would destroy whichever it was standing there, in one last throw.

Carlos raised the knife. His body shook, crazed with despair. Blindfolded, he "saw" the board and the lights, and heard, a long way off, the running music seeking its climax, as if it knew about the impending throw that was to destroy the only being he had loved, and in destroying her rid him of his torment.

Then, as the blade's tip pointed to the roof in its last upward movement, and in the fraction of time before the knife left his fingers, he was suddenly caught on the edge of decision. It was like a sudden break in a film, turning it into a still. It lasted no longer than a splitting second, but in it, tensed for his final throw that was to destroy his hate, he remembered he was Carlos, the greatest knife thrower in the world, skilled in the only art he knew, raising it from the mud show to the stardom of the big top.

There was something else. Some swift change in the whirling pictures of his brain brought to his blindfolded eyes a slip of a girl who came to him for a job, who stayed with him, growing beautiful, and who now stood motionless, waiting as she had done through all the years.

All she had to rely on for her life was the skill of his fingers and the sureness of his aim. Every day she trusted him to guard it. In the swift awareness of its meaning, a rush of love for her swept through him. He closed his eyes behind the scarf. "Dianne!" he cried into the shadows.

A new and dreadful fear stabbed him and shook his frame, a terror that he might make the mistake he no longer intended, and send her reeling against the board—that he might fail her and fail himself.

"God forgive me!" he breathed.

He felt old and desperately alone, groping for Dianne's image to return to his blindfolded sight, searching to take in the measure of her figure against the white board. And then, as it appeared and grew in his practised eye, he raised himself and, with a sob in his throat, slid the blade from his fingers and as quickly snatched the scarf from his head.

THE knife struck the board one inch above Dianne's head and quivered. The spotlight followed it and stayed upon it.

The audience rose to its feet in a salvo of applause, the band quickened. Dianne stepped away quickly. Their fingers touching, they took their bows.

Then Dianne saw Carlos turn toward her.

He lifted her hand, stood a little away from her, bent over it and kissed it, handing her forward to the crowd. Retreating, they left the big top, Dianne's heart singing a new song.

As Carlos turned toward his dressing tent, the thunder of applause fell on him like a great weight. His shoulders drooped with fatigue, his arms hung loosely at his sides. It no longer mattered that he was Carlos the Great. Nothing would matter any more. He would go on throwing knives until the end of his time. Until his skill left him. Then the places he knew would know him no more. The dancing knives would cease to fly, and Dianne to stand in her golden glory.

Dazed, he had a vague idea that Alfredo passed him in his cream-coloured tights, and that Midge had come up to him and said, "Mr. Carlos."

Many times his mind crossed and recrossed the thin line that separates reality and unreality. He thought he heard Dianne's voice, and strained to hear what she was saying. Then he felt the touch of her fingers.

"Thanks, Carlos," she was saying. "I shall not forget tonight." Her voice was gentle, proud. "I didn't know—truly, I didn't," she continued.

Carlos tried to catch the meaning of it. Inside the tent, he stood looking at her.

"I didn't know you loved me," she said. "Truly, I didn't. And I've been hoping so much."

Carlos had never heard her use the word "love" before. It made him feel awkward and clumsy and glad. He saw her smile at him.

"Please, Carlos."

He wanted to take her in his arms. And if he could not for a long minute, it was because the wonder of it was too great to be borne. THE END

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

I SAVE all my tea leaves and dry them. They then make an excellent medium for mixing seed compost. I also put a handful of tea leaves round the roots of young plants as this helps to maintain a moist root system. Damp tea leaves placed round pot plants will give them sufficient moisture if you are away on holiday.—Mrs. E. Giles, Coombe Hill, Billinghurst, Sussex.

PERCY THROWER says: I think this is an excellent way of putting a waste product to use. After all it comes from a plant, and could serve the same purpose as compost or leaf mould. The proportions I suggest are: one part soil, one of sand and one of tea leaves.

Peat is usually added to seed and potting compost to provide humus. Most humus-forming substances are difficult to obtain particularly in towns. Tea leaves would make a good substitute.

The idea of using tea leaves under pot plants is a good one. I usually recommend moss or peat, but not everyone can get these without buying.

A better way of keeping plants moist if you are going on holiday is to place a jar of water beside them. From this and to the pots run strands of wool. This will keep the plants going for a week or ten days.

JOHN BULL pays five guineas each week for the best original and topical gardening hint sent to Percy Thrower, Your Garden And Mine, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

MANNERS—2

Savages we call them because their manners differ from ours.

Benjamin Franklin

Persil for fine things, too!

How pretty you look—wrapped in such a soft, fresh summer dressing-gown—and how feminine!

Why has it stayed so fine and pretty for so *long*? Because it's Persil-washed, that's why! You see, Persil is *gentle* as well as thorough—never harms delicate fabrics, yet gets out every scrap of dirt. Persil keeps fine things looking like *new*!

GENTLE, TOO, FOR HANDS AND NAILS

Yes, another blessing of Persil is that it's so very kind to your hands and nails—you can *feel* it is.

PER 1355-1781

Mackinney's leap

Continued from page 22

suppose. Now this is a particularly fine specimen we have here, less than one hundred years old, already more than one hundred feet in height.

"It is early yet to know, but the climate of the Western Highlands has many points of similarity, notably in precipitation. . . ." *Come to my aid, Miles Gibson,* he implored his Dean of Forestry at U.N.B. across the ocean. . . .

"The Big Tree of California, specimens of which are known, in their native habitat, to attain a height of more than three hundred and seventy feet, a diameter of thirty-five. See the spiral whorls of limbs, so bonny and distinctive. Do you note that, Janet?"

"Aye," she said, staring dutifully up. "Whirrly-birrly like, you mean, eh, Jock?"

"I do," he said. "Now observe the pithy, pulpy bark; fire insulation *in excelsis*. You can punch it, too. Just watch." He punched it.

"Ooh!" said Janet. She had been punching Wellingtonias since childhood. She had never seen one punched like this. "My goodness, you're a big huge muckle laddie."

The self-same epithets he had applied to her with desperate inanity. *She's laughing at me now,* he thought. *I won't punch any more. I'll talk.* And talk he did all through the shady arboretum, all through the golden shafts of evening sun.

"*Thuya occidentalis,*" he explained. "Eastern white cedar, often known as *arbor vitae*. A wretched specimen. I have Miss Dura Pura Murrda's. . . . I have Miss Dura's permission to fell it first thing the morn's morn in the wee sma' hours early after cock-crow."

"You do say queer things whiles," Miss Dickson said.

She had listened with seeming grave intent to each instalment or subheading of his sylvicultural sermon. "Mebbe you're tired, Jock, from the journey, are you?"

"Tired?" he said. Bewildered—Yes. Lost and gone for ever, oh my darling—Yes. But tired? "Och, no. I'm as fit as a Stradivarius or fiddle with the slimmest waist of the bonniest curved sugar maple you never saw."

She stopped to give him an anxious glance, and he stopped to stare at her, and he saw that she must still think him tired, and so he punched a convenient *Sequoia gigantea* to show how little tired he was. An elementary mistake, for this tree with the tawny bark turned out to be *pseudotsuga taxifolia*, the Douglas Fir, unpunchable.

He hissed. He put his broken knuckles in his pocket. Trees were all he could find to talk to her about. Trees were his job, and he did like trees. But had he ever talked trees to other girls?

And now he was in such pain because a goddam Douglas had seemed to be a *Sequoia* that he could not talk even about trees for a minute or two.

"Was it a year ago you got your degree?" she asked him as they strolled by the banks of the River Drin, and the Falls of Drin were just ahead.

DEGREE? A year? "An hour ago," he said, meaning an hour ago that life began. But he rallied. "Aye," he said rationally. "Since then I've been working for the Holmes-Beckerton Lumber Company out in British Columbia."

"Were there big huge muckle lassies at the university?" she asked, and blushed unseen.

"I don't remember," Jock Mackinney gulped. "Never saw none that I remember."

"Did you have no time then for anything but worrk?"

"Just worrk," he said. "Work, work, work!" for emphasis. A good woman, a good dream angel, would love the virtue of work in man.

"I heard tell you was one of them playboys," she accused him.

"No," he protested. "Och, no, Janet!"

"Not even any sports or games?"

"Well," he said, "the long jump was my best thing, and twenty-two foot eleven and a half inches was my very best."

"What for did you not do twenty-three? What's half an inch?"

"I don't know," he said. What indeed was half an inch? He saw the inescapably pure logic of her remark. He felt shame at never making twenty-three.

"It sounds an awful long way to jump," she said loudly, above the cataract. "Would that be as far as across the falls?"

From one flat ledge of rock across an angry abyss of water to the other ledge.

He measured the distance with his mental rule. "It would be about, I guess," he said judicially. "The falls would be nearer twenty-four." He found he could talk to her about the long jump, too, and did.

"Is trees and the long jump all you love?" she asked on the footbridge, with a sniff.

All I love? Och, no, no, no, a thousand times no. . . .

"Och, aye," he said. "A thousand times, aye. I love worrk, too."

She seemed to look at him like he was a daft funny kind of thing; and the sun had set, and a light shone in her cottage yonder in the gloaming.

"Night-night then, worrkin' Jock," she said. "Sweet dreams."

"Good night," he said.

He stammered and he boggled and he plunged: "After tomorrow egg-time in the evening not too early late, would you care for a stroll through the arboretum?"

Jock Mackinney thrust back the pail he had carried so faithfully all this way in his left, undamaged hand for Janet Dickson.

"Mebbe," she said. "We'll see."

He watched her walk away, his dream, his sweet, intangible, substantial dream. *"Sweet dreams," she said to me,* he told himself. *Ah, would that I could say such things to her! All I can say to her is pseudotsuga. And why? Why did I never make twenty-three?*

The long jump was a limited subject. It ran out. Then he had only trees. Evening after evening, twenty-seven evenings in a row, he strolled with Janet through the arboretum. Always he thrashed his one multifarious subject. Always she listened.

Day after day he swung his axe, not for the sake of making amends to father for his youthful sins, but in the terrible throes of love.

Where was Jock Mackinney, the gay blade of the campus, the bombshell that descended on Vancouver? Where indeed!

Bare to the waist, oblivious of midges, he wielded his mighty axe, took out the weakling trees, trimmed up the sturdy, tidied the whole arboretum—and utterly won Miss Dura Murdoch's heart.

"He's the best axe-man I've ever seen," she said to Janet, whom she had happened to meet on the upper path. Together they looked down at flashing steel, at flying chips, at rippling muscle.

Together they heard the ring and the chunk, the splendid rhythm. "The hens must be laying well," Miss Dura Murdoch said. "I notice you're bringing them twice a day along this path."

MANNERS—3

The society of women is the foundation of good manners.

Goethe

Janet tossed her head. The child seemed petulant.

"I can't bear to think of John leaving us on Monday," said Miss Murdoch with some care. "A true lover of trees—almost infatuated with them, I think sometimes; almost too spectacular a leaf turned over. It worries me a little."

"Aye," cried Janet. "Trees, trees, trees, fair daft on trees! But trees aren't everything, Miss Dura."

"Why don't you tell the dam' fool so, m'dear. . . ?"

Saturday evening in the arboretum. The long, fine spell was broken. It was misty—subdued, hushed weather for a semi-final stroll.

Tonight, he thought. *This hour. This minute. This very second now, I'll say it.*

But what he said was: "I love *Pinus Strobus.*"

Janet sighed.

"The graceful trunk and lower limbs," he said. "The swelling canopy, the crown." He stared at Janet while Janet stared at *Pinus Strobus.*

"And quite apart from the decorative aspect," he heard himself boom on, "it is the finest working softwood of North America with excellent reproductive qualities, although bothered by the white pine weevil, more commonly known as the pine borer, which attacks the slender leading shoots. Do you love *Pinus Strobus,* Janet?"

She bit her lip. Her delicate complexion warmed. She stamped her foot, still staring up at *Pinus Strobus.* "No, I don't!" the Highland lass exploded. "And as for you, you're the worst pine borer in the whole wide world."

He weaved under this dreadful shaft, staggered, caught his shoe in a root, stumbled, fell heavily against her, clutched at her slim waist or trunk to save himself, felt the fiery sting of a well-boxed ear, and broke away.

She faced him, his golden dream—arms akimbo, sweater stormy. "What do you think I am?" she snarled. "One of your fancy pines to knock down about and in and out the place, you clumsy lumberjack?"

He hung his head. He wished that mother earth could swallow him on a misty evening in the arboretum above the merry River Drin where salmon lurked. But she was reviling him again.

"I hate your trees," cried Janet. "I hate them, hate them, do you hear me? And as for you, you big huge muckle lump of softwood from the toenails up, all you think about is trees!

"You used to once was be a braw laddie up to tricks, I hear tell, when I was just a bairn. What are you the now? You haven't the guts to take a fish. You'll no sup a dram on a Saturday nicht. What are you now but tree-daft?

"*I love Pinus Strobus.* Well, let me tell you I *hate Pinus Strobus;* and I hate you most of all, Caspar Milquetoast, like the Yankee comics."

JANET DICKSON sobbed and fled, not homewards but away from him, in the Bighoose direction.

He watched her, stricken. All his good resolutions, all his virtuous labours to no avail. She didn't like work; she hated work. She didn't like trees; she hated trees. She didn't like him; she hated him.

But Caspar Milquetoast? Caspar Milquetoast, eh? Jock Mackinney was a big slow man to anger. Once in a blue moon anger took him.

He looked at the dark shadows in Utopia Pool, resting before they ran the falls.

He counted five. *All right,* he growled quietly within himself. Or more properly: *A'richt,* for he was native Caledonian primeval at this time of mounting rage. *I'll give Strathdrin a coat of paint Strathdrin'll not forget.*

"I'm right proud of you, Jock," his father said today. Poor Father! Jock Mackinney ran. . . .

Miss Janet Dickson watched from a snowberry bush. *It's wicked,* she thought. *I know it's wicked;* for she had thought of a wickeder thing. She heard Pure Murrder chiding three Scotties on an evening stroll. She met her.

"Miss Dura," she said, "I heard yon motor-bike, the slow putt-putt one of them power-scheme fellas that were after the salmon last time. Saw it, too, beyond the Drin."

"What? I'll teach the purple pucers to poach my fish. I'll. . . . Find your father, Janet, quickly!"

She found her father supping a dram at the Drin Arms, his time-honoured port of call on a Saturday night. "Come away out then, Dad," she said, this bad, determined girl; and told her tale.

"What's up wi' yer big pal, Dopey Jock?" he asked, jogging to Castle Drin.

"Comes in five minutes syne, says I'll take a bottle o' Strathdrin; Jimmy Muir says: 'Sorry, Jock, I'm no allowed for to serve it by the bottle,' and he leans across and takes wee Jimmy by the shirt and lifts him six inches wi' one hand and says 'What was yon you said, Jimmy?' and he

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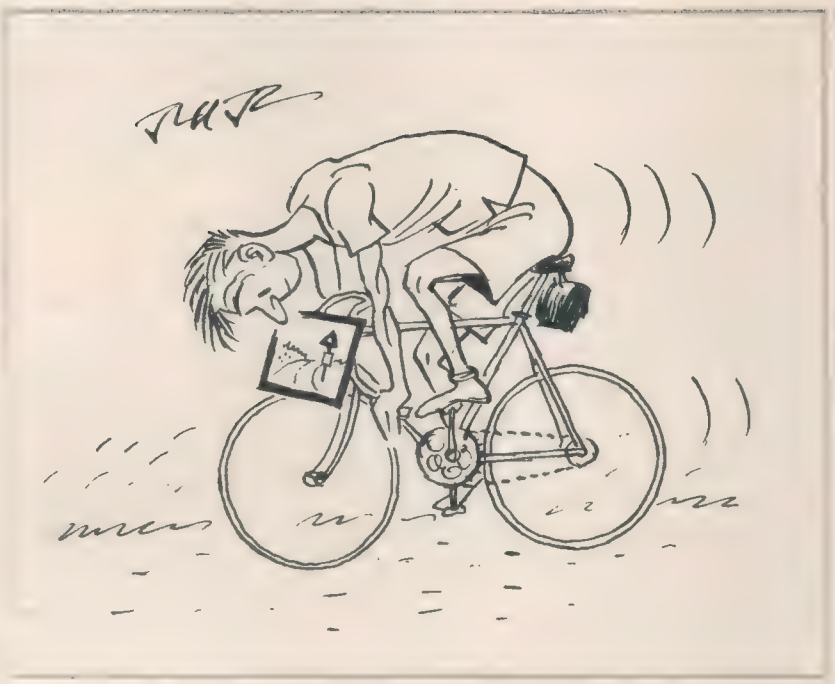

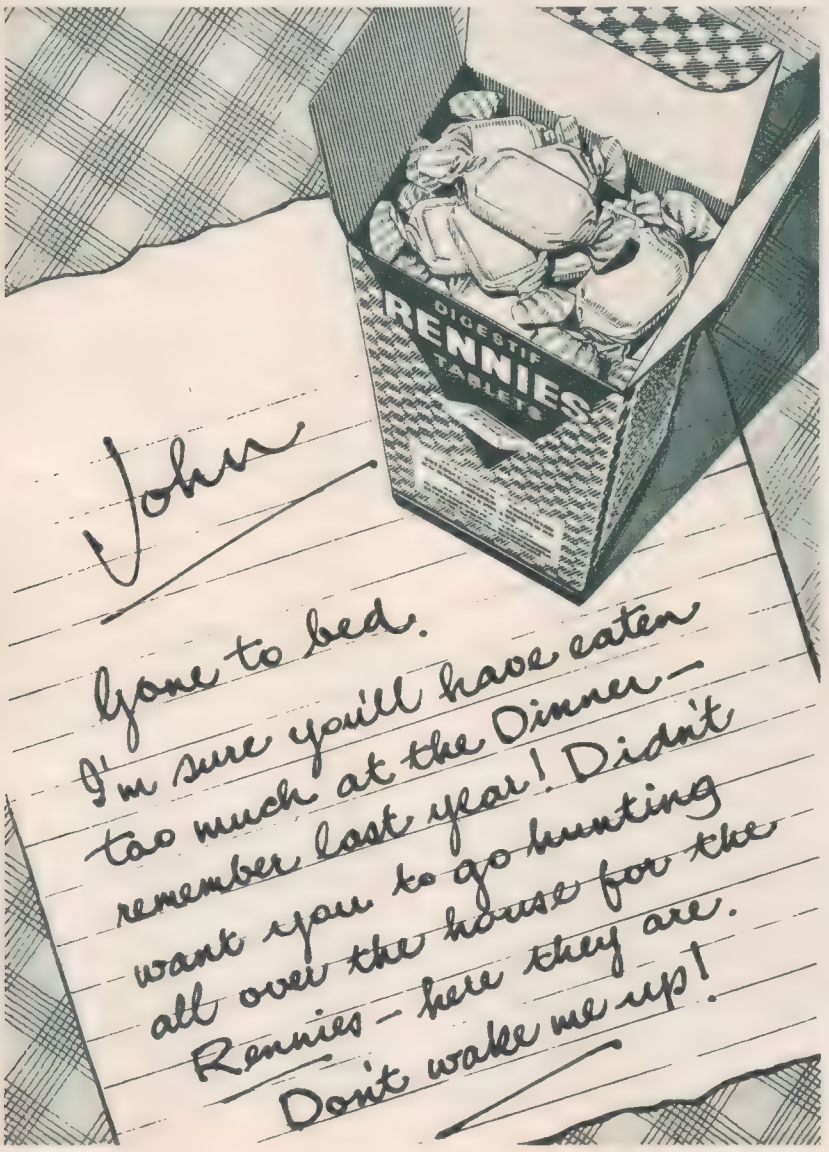
DIGESTIF
RENNIES
TABLETS
John
Gone to bed.
I'm sure you'll have eaten too much at the Dinner— remember last year! Didn't want you to go hunting all over the house for the Rennies — here they are.
Don't wake me up!

pays for the bottle and away. What's up, eh, Janet?"

"He's plain tree-daft is what is up," she said. But hope was surging. . . .

Jock Mackinney had not yet jigged a fish.

Two will do, he thought. *I'll take one and lay it on Miss Dura Pura Murrda's. . . . Oh, snap out of it!* he told himself, not yet cured of his malady. *I'll lay it on Miss Dura's step and ring the bell, and then I'll lay the other one on Mr. Deadpan Dickson's step, and then I'll take five or ten big huge muckle drams and have a sing-song outside Janet's window, and then. . . .* "Got you!"

A most reprehensible form of poaching, yet sporting in some degree. Everyone knows that a foul-hooked fish is devilish hard to play on light rod and line.

The salmon was nearly played out when he heard a yapping chorus and vituperation of Miss Dura Murdoch with Scotties from one direction, dram-strong bellowings of Mr. Dickson from the other; pincer attack.

"John!" she said, when she saw it was him. "Oh, John!" For the first time in history, and for a moment, Miss Dura Murdoch of Drin was bereft of words.

SHE rallied, however, warmed to her subject, gained strength from experience as an ambulance driver in 1917. Miss Murdoch surpassed herself. Mr. Dickson stood in silent awe. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego took encouragement from their mistress and bit Jock Mackinney in many places, even on the bottle in his large hip pocket.

The salmon was done. He removed one hand, and threw the pestilential terriers one by one into the River Drin. They then attacked the fish.

What a schemozzle of salmon, line and dogs! The hook came out. The tired fish rolled and sank to fight another day.

He reeled in. "Why can't you keep your blank little yappers into heel?" he shouted at Miss Murdoch. Her nose paled at the Roman bridge. Her mouth fell open.

"As for you!" he bellowed at his darling's father who, also unprecedented, shook with unseemly mirth. "Take yon smirrk from away off your mug, or I'll take it off away from for you."

To both of these astonished people he cried: "Go away and leave me be! I'm not half started yet." He glared into the pool, this ranting poacher. He drew out line. . . .

"Och, Jock, you mustn't," from across the Drin. The sweet, soft Highland voice of Janet Dickson under *Pinus Strobus* in the arboretum.

"The minx," Miss Murdoch said. "She put John up to this. She put us on to John."

"What?" He dropped the rod. He turned.

"It's true," said the voice, defiant now. "I did. Yon was the last straw, yon when you grabbed me like a pine. Just a tree-loony, that's what you've become."

He leaped to marvellous, miraculous release. No longer tongue-tied to a tree. "I'll teach you," Jock Mackinney said. But how? The bridge was far away.

What for did you not do twenty-three? What's half an inch? He remembered these words of hers. *I'll teach you,* he thought, eyeing the chasm up there to his left. *It must be nearly twenty-four. A long bank of grass sloping to that ledge. I'll show you, Janet Dickson.*

He climbed the bank. He judged the point where he would touch full stride. He made sure that his bottle of Strathdrin was firmly seated. He launched himself down-slope. He was a sprinter, too. He could do the hundred in ten and a fifth.

He came to the ledge at terminal velocity. He had judged the take-off right. His rubber sole gripped firm. He jacked up, scissored over the cataract, drew both knees high, and landed with a foot to spare. By far the finest leap of his career.

"Come on," said Pure Murrder across the Drin. "This is no place for us." Voices fading. "I do congratulate you, Dickson, such an ideal husband for dear Janet. . . . Oh, piffle, my good man, think of the spanking boys they'll have. . . ."

"Jock," said Janet some time or other, "I didn't mean it about hating trees."

He ignored the words, but not his Janet. He sang a song, the chorus of that song which had announced his dream to him:

"The wedding bells were ringing,
and a' the boys were singing,
Here's to you and yours and me
and mine, tararah,
Then we had a drappie,
Just to make us happy,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

"Ooh!" sighed Janet. "It's a big huge muckle singing voice you have, Jock."

"Aye," he said complacently. "Now in a while we'll stroll through the arboretum and over the bridge and to your house, and your dad, him and me, we'll have a wee bit talk and a dram together."

"That'll be fine," said Janet. "But later on, eh, Jock?"

"Later on, much later, mebbe, sometime, roamin' in the gloamin'. Say, Janet!"

"What is it, Jockey, darlin' tickly Jock?"

"They're needing bairns in Canada. Do you mind bairns?"

"Mind them? I like bairns fine. How would six do?" asked his dream, a forthright child of nature.

"Six'll do okay for a start," Jock said in the balmy mist in the arboretum.

THE END

The silent partner

Continued from page 17

weeks. Pepe, darling, don't go sleep. Just when Mother's cooked somet'ing 'licious for you."

I stared at the dog. Then I said suddenly: "These last weeks? But surely Mrs. Granville has only had this flat a very short time?"

"Not by my way of reckoning. She's had it since March Quarter Day, and she rents it from me."

I stared at her and she blinked back at me.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." Muttering to the dog, she'd already turned away, and the door was closing.

I said: "Do you happen to remember when Mrs. Granville was here last?"

"No, I don't. I'm in and out myself all day and I don't keep watch on my tenants."

"No, of course not. . . ."

"She was upstairs last Thursday night, but she came in so late I didn't see her. She's always here Thursdays to pay the rent. She a friend of yours?"

I hesitated. "Yes."

It was the wrong answer. "Well, then, you'll know."

I said: "Is it usually late on a Thursday when she comes in?"

She closed the door another inch. "Yes. Too late. That is since the time when she used to be here in the afternoons. I've got to go now. My kettle's boiling."

"Thank you for helping," I said, "Mrs.—er——"

"Miss," she said. "Miss Lord." And shut the door.

There was a phone box in the corner of the mews, and I rang Simon Heppelwhite for Hazel Boylon's address. He gave it me afid I went out to Swiss Cottage. Simon said Hazel was working for a film company, so it wasn't likely I should find her in, but I thought there was a reasonable prospect of catching Lynn.

As I climbed to the third floor of the Victorian house where the flat was, my heart was beating with more than the effort of climbing fifty-four stairs.

There was no bell, and no one answered the knocker. Then after a second try I could hear someone moving in the flat.

The door opened. It was Hazel Boylon, in a flowered pink housecoat, her hair tied back in a horse's tail with a piece of pink lace. "Yes?" she said, and then: "Oh, it's Mike."

"How are you? Is Lynn here?"

"Lynn? No, dear. Did you expect her to be?"

I followed her in. It was a big, high bed-sitting-room, done in ivory and peach, both rather faded. The bed wasn't yet pushed up into the wall.

"Sorry, dear. I was washing some nylons. Hence the shambles. There are cigarettes somewhere—oh, here. Can you find a landing strip? Shift those magazines."

I SHIFTED the magazines. "I hoped I might catch Lynn. I wasn't dead sure whether she was still with you."

She was looking at her finger-tips. "Washing plays hell with one's varnish. What d'you mean, still with me?"

"Well, she's been staying here, hasn't she? I understand so."

"No, dear. Not since that weekend in January. I haven't seen much of Lynn for a long time. She's had other fish to fry. . . . You having squaw trouble, Mike?"

"You knew of it?"

"No, but when men come searching for their wives at midday with that needled look. . . ."

Ray French said Lynn had phoned him from your flat. Perhaps I misunderstood him."

"You must have."

"You haven't seen anything of her recently, then?"

"Not a sight. Actually I've been busy myself until two weeks ago."

I said: "What did you mean by saying Lynn had other fish to fry?"

"Oh, it was just a saying. Don't you really know where she's gone?"

I said: "I haven't an idea now."

Then I went out in the street again. From a call box I phoned Ray French. There was no reply from his flat but I caught him at the music publishers.

He said: "No, I didn't actually speak to Lynn, old boy. In fact I didn't know she'd phoned me till the following day when she dropped me the briefest note. It was about the gramophone records, telling me to cancel them. That was all."

"Can you remember just what she said?"

"I think I still have the card somewhere, but it's at home. It simply said: 'Tried to get you on the phone yesterday, but no luck.' Something like that. Then it went on about the records and it ended: 'Am staying a few days with Hazel.'"

"She actually put that?"

"Yes. Of course I don't remember the exact words. . . . Oh, Mike. . . ."

"Yes?"

"W-Day has been brought forward a week."

"What has?"

"Our wedding. It's fixed for next Sunday, so we can catch the Otrantes, which is leaving for a cruise on the tenth. As I said, it's not going to be a mammoth wedding, but we'd like you and Lynn."

"Thank you. If you really want us both it might be a good idea to send separate invitations."

"Oh? . . . Oh! I'm sorry if it's that way, Mike."

"It's that way."

"I'm sorry. What made you—but I suppose that isn't my business."

"I didn't. She did."

"Grave mistake on her part, I think. . . . Where do I find her?"

"I'll try to let you know."

My next move was to see my own solicitors, and I went along there. Whiteley, of Whiteley, Page and Tranter, of Chancery Lane, was a big blond man in his early forties. I handed him the petition and he said: "Oh, dear, I'm sorry about this," and began to read it through. I thought: *Everybody seems to be sorry.*

When he'd finished he flipped the thing with his finger and glanced at me. "What's the answer? A denial?"

"Complete. The whole thing is nonsense."

He drew a pad towards him and began to make hieroglyphics. "'And on numerous other occasions between 27th May and 13th July.' Can you remember what you were doing on those dates?"

"For the last two months I've been working very hard, so that one day has been much like another. My secretary might help."

"This—er—Mrs. Curtis, who is in your laboratory—you were with her on those dates?"

"Probably. We were on a rush job and it meant long hours together."

"And after hours?"

"Oh, yes. Often we worked late, once until midnight."

"You were quite alone in the factory then?"

"Yes—except for the two detectives who keep watch on the place during the night; and in that case I told them we were there and not to disturb us."

"Did you work behind locked doors?"

"No."

"Or with curtains drawn?"

"There are no curtains—but the windows of the laboratory are of reeded glass."

"Did your wife complain to you of the association?"

"She complained about my working

MANNERS—4

The great secret is not having bad manners or good manners or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manners for all human souls.

G. B. Shaw

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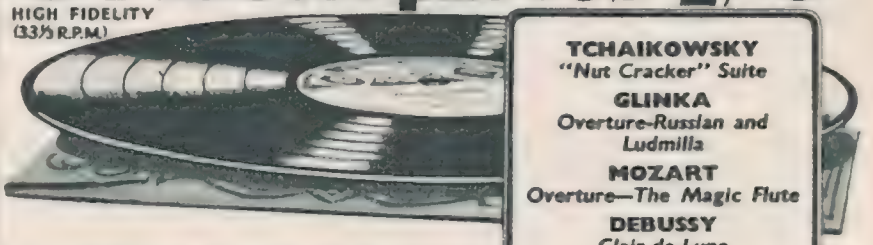

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late—but she never complained about Stella Curtis."

"How did Mrs. Curtis go home afterwards? Had she a car?"

"No. I took her in mine."

"Did you ever stop on the way?"

"Not as far as I remember."

"And when she got home? Did you ever go in?

"I'm not dead certain whether I went in between those dates. I've been in quite a lot since. But her husband is ill and is always in the house."

"Bedridden?"

"Not exactly."

"Would he be upstairs or down when you went in?"

"Down. Except for once later when I went up to see him."

"Has he ever shown any resentment at your association with his wife?"

"None at all. Too little, poor devil."

"Have you taken Mrs. Curtis out in any other way—on any social occasion?"

"No. I had to take her to Harwell once and I took her to my own home twice."

"Your wife would be at home, I suppose."

"No."

"Can you give me the details?"

"The first time was on the way back to the factory from Harwell. I wanted to pick up some plans so I called in and got them. That would be about half-past twelve midday—and I was there probably thirty-five minutes. The second——"

"Just a moment. Was there anyone in the house at all?"

"Our daily woman was there when we got there but she left soon after."

MANNERS—5

More tears have been shed over men's lack of manners than their lack of morals.

Helen Hathaway

"Was it natural for her to leave then?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact I was surprised to find her still there, as she usually left at twelve when my wife spent the day in London."

"Did you express surprise to the daily woman that she was still there?"

"I really can't remember."

Whiteley's pad was now well covered with doodles. He tore it off and began again.

"And the second time?"

"I had to go back home because I'd forgotten some notes I'd made over-night, and since there was a panic on that day I took Stella Curtis along with me so that we could continue talking in the car."

"What time of day would that be?"

"About the same."

"Was your wife——?"

"No, it happened to be Wednesday again. And this time Mrs. Lloyd wasn't there either. But we only stayed ten minutes."

Whiteley was staring at the end of his pencil. He said: "You can't think of any occasion when perhaps some casual intimacy occurred—the way things do sometimes nowadays—which would be taken the wrong way by anyone paid to watch you. . . ."

I said grimly: "No intimacies, casual or otherwise!"

He nodded. "Quite. I wasn't suggesting anything serious; but these days people do call each other darling and kiss each other on the shortest acquaintance."

I said: "She was my technical assistant. People don't kiss their laboratory assistants if they want to get any work done." *But what about when the work is finished!*

"Or letters? Have you corresponded?"

"No."

He put the pencil down and picked up another with a sharper point. "What I'm driving at, Mr. Granville, is this. Obviously opportunity has existed in plenty. You could have been carrying on a fine affair with the young lady for all one can tell to the contrary. But evidence of opportunity alone is not sufficient to get a divorce. Otherwise no business executive out with his secretary would be safe.

"There must reasonably be some evidence to show infatuation or undue familiarity. Mind you, the opportunities in this case have been unusually varied—I'm looking at it from a legal point of view, you understand. But all the same"—he made several delicate figure eights on the pad—"if a woman came to me with no more evidence than this, I should tell her that she hadn't grounds for a divorce."

I thought it out. "This firm who are acting for her. . . ."

"Yes, it's a point. In law, of course, there's no bar to a wife bringing a suit on the flimsiest grounds. The only real obstacle is that a solicitor of any sort of repute won't waste his own time and his client's money."

"And these people?"

He made a face. "They're not tip-top. But I shouldn't really have thought. . . . I'll make some inquiries about them in the next few days."

I got up. "This suit's complicated for me in more ways than I've explained up to now." I hesitated and noticed what looked like a glint of speculation in his eyes. I suppose solicitors' clients often hold back their own confessions to the end. "Mrs. Curtis's husband is a very sick man. I'm not certain if you'll have heard of John Curtis, but he's well known in the scientific world. He's very devoted to his wife, has complete trust in her. That's something I shouldn't willingly see lost."

"Hmm. . . . It's a complication, I agree."

"He's a man I've got a great respect for. To me he's—one of the exalted few. At this stage of the game there isn't much I wouldn't do to avoid poisoning his thoughts of his wife. . . ."

"Think Mrs. Granville knows that?"

"She certainly doesn't know how I feel about Curtis. But I've been wondering whether she's trying to use this threat of divorce as a lever. . . ."

He watched me. "I don't think——"

"If my wife goes on with this thing, dragging Stella Curtis's name into it, I'll fight it all down the line. But if she really wants a divorce and is prepared to withdraw this petition . . . then I'd be willing to provide her with evidence that I wouldn't defend. . . ."

Whiteley frowned at me. "Collusion is a bar to divorce, Mr. Granville——"

"It happens every day."

"Quite! But it's not a thing I could knowingly be a party to."

"Has my wife to see her solicitors in the near future?"

"There's no particular reason why she should. You mean because it might help you to trace her?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps we could assist you over that. In the meantime——"

"In the meantime," I said, "the main thing is to keep any knowledge of this trumped-up suit from John Curtis."

"That may be difficult, Mr. Granville."

"Why?"

"Well, in all probability by now his wife will have been served with a petition herself. . . ."

When I got to the works about four, Read had the usual problems to be solved. It seemed there had been problems for as long as I could remember. I had never discussed them with Lynn, although I knew now that it may have been better if I had done so. I had thought to save her worry.

Technically, she was a partner in the firm, with a small holding of stock from which she got enough to keep herself handsomely in spending money. It had seemed a better idea when we were married than giving her a dress allowance. Later she had seemed to lose interest and to take our prosperity for granted. . . .

When Read had gone I pressed the speaker and said to Miss Allen: "I

"999? There's a man been standing outside glaring at me for the past half-hour . . ."

want Mrs. Curtis, please, and will you keep all phone calls out, and no tea till I ring."

"Yes, sir."

I thought, *Yes even that's suspicious if it's a woman you're dealing with, and a dirty-minded private detective comes round making inquiries.*

Stella came in. She didn't look well this afternoon and not as pretty as usual. But I knew the instant I saw her. It was a recognition of loving someone as involuntary as a reflex action.

I got her a chair. She said: "Boss waits on lab. assistant. It won't do, Mike."

I could tell now by her manner that she hadn't yet had the petition, and her rather desperate flippancy gave me the chance to go right to the point. But I just couldn't throw it at her in the first second of meeting.

"How have things gone with you?"

"I'm all right."

"And John?"

"I told him I was leaving here."

"What did he say?"

"Didn't altogether approve. He thinks this work keeps my brain occupied. He likes you, you know."

I picked up a pencil and began to dab it at the desk. "I'm a man on a skewer. Like that, and that, and that. . . ."

Her long, dark blue eyes went slowly over my face. "And the more you hate yourself, the more you hate me."

"Stella, you know that isn't true."

She got up and went to the window. "One thing follows on the other, doesn't it? I didn't tell you what you should have known about John. If you had known, what happened probably wouldn't have happened."

"That hasn't any bearing——"

"So you've a fairly good excuse—that's if you feel you need one. I have not. I know all about John. I knew of his distinction, his courage, his almost saintly acceptance of this—this thing that's come on him. I know it in a way that you'll never know. But it didn't count, did it? Give me a chance and I'm ready for any lark—a bit of flirtation with the boss. . . ." She stopped, taking breaths as if they were her last.

I said: "I didn't think I was shockable, but you're shocking me now."

She turned away and went to the bookshelves with the scientific and trade magazines, picked one up, looked at it, put it down, came back to the desk. "Mind if I have a cigarette?"

I handed her the box and she took one and I lit it for her, wanting so much to touch her. She drew at it once or twice, holding it uncertainly between lips and fingers.

"Sorry, Mike. Sorry."

"So you should be."

"But it's true! One can so easily mock up excuses like those I made yesterday; but they don't really count."

Silence fell for a minute or so. I said: "I've got to tell you that something else has turned up, something quite fantastic, and I honestly don't know how to begin."

She looked at me again. "About Lynn?"

"Yes. She's petitioning for divorce. On the grounds of my. . . ."

I took the petition out and handed it to her.

While her colour was coming back I told her quietly what I'd done so far.

She said: "But the whole thing—as it's put down here. . . ."

"I know. A hatch of lies. Up to the time the petition speaks of—up to the thirteenth of July—I'd hardly consciously thought of you as a woman at all."

"Thank you." When I glanced at her she raised her dark eyebrows. "No, I mean it." She paused. Then she said, "I'm thinking chiefly of John."

"So am I. But I don't feel a sham in denying this bogus stuff, Stella."

"No. . . ."

"The point is to stop it before it gets anywhere."

"Through Lynn?"

"Yes, through her—when I find her. And before that we must somehow make sure that John is nowhere about when you're served with this petition."

There was silence for a while. I said: "If it were not for John I wouldn't want to fight this at all."

Her cigarette had mostly smouldered away. "Wait till you've seen Lynn again."

"Look," I said. "I don't know what's happened to me and I don't know why it's happened—all I know is that it has. Stella, look at me."

She looked at me. Suddenly she gave a little shiver. "All right, I take it back if you feel like that."

"I do feel like that."

"All right, then. . . . But it isn't going to make it any easier for me to stay here."

"I think you must until this thing works itself out."

"Why has Lynn brought this petition, Mike? It's such a back door way out."

I said: "I'm coming to the conclusion I never really understood her. It's a pretty unpleasant reflection on the quality of my married life."

"It doesn't follow that the fault has been yours."

"If you can live with a woman for three years and at the end of it know as little about her and how her mind works as I apparently know about Lynn, then you can't be very intelligent or imaginative or sympathetic. And it can't make your expression of love for another woman very much to be prized or well regarded."

"That rather depends on the woman."

"It depends on her charity."

"No," Stella said. "I think that's the wrong word."

"Then——"

"Mike, it won't help now to try to find the right one."

When she had gone I tried to get down to things, and managed to work

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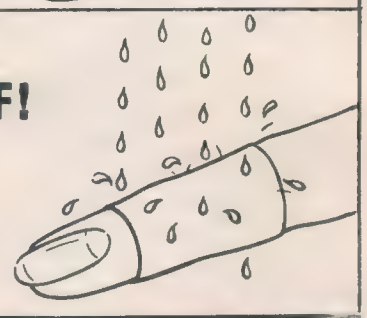

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after a fashion until it was time to break off.

I waited till most of the workers had left and then picked up Stella and drove her home.

We didn't speak for a time. She was sitting very much in her corner as if avoiding me.

I said: "If it's something you feel you can talk about, how did you first meet John?"

"He came over to see my chief at Oxford. We were carrying out some experiments he was interested in."

"He's much older than you?"

"Nineteen years. He was married before but his wife died. He has a son studying law in Canada."

We turned into the main street. She said: "It's hard for you, who didn't know him, to imagine what he was like even twelve months ago."

"You were happy."

"Yes—we were happy."

We stopped at her gate. There was no one in a shabby mackintosh lurking about.

"Can you come in just for a minute?"

I saw it was going to help her if she hadn't to go in alone, so I followed her up the path and she let herself in. John Curtis was down again and not looking quite so emaciated.

"Hallo, darling." She kissed him. "I brought Mike back for two minutes but he can't stay. You all right?"

He got up slowly, moved to the fireplace. He could just stand without a stick.

"Better than last night. Employ your two minutes on a drink, Mike. Trouble is with these slight temperatures, one gets so thirsty, and alcohol is not encouraged. You're in good time tonight, my dear."

"Yes." She took off her jacket, and I watched the slip and flow of her young body as she straightened by the window and dropped the coat away from her. "Mike's getting indulgent."

John raised his eyebrows quizzically. "He looks worried. Don't say the scintillometer is getting you down at this stage."

I didn't reply.

He said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Stella, there's a registered envelope for you on the bookcase. Over there. That's it. It came this morning, just after you'd left."

He went on talking and I watched her go across to it. I watched her with the fascination of someone in a nightmare seeing an approaching calamity he can do nothing to stop. Whiteley hadn't warned me that petitions could be sent by registered post. But I knew what it was the instant she picked it up.

Her fingers went under the flap and broke the seal. Not suspecting, with a lifted eyebrow, she put her finger in and began to take out the paper. As she did so I butted in in mid-sentence. "John, I *am* worried—and for a special reason. I've got something to tell you that you won't very much like, and that's why I came in this evening."

He'd stopped and was watching me with his alert eyes. But the tone of my voice told Stella at once what she hadn't known before, and she stopped and held the papers unlooked-at in her hand.

In a cold sweat I said: "You knew my wife had left me, didn't you?"

"Stella said something about it. But I got the impression she didn't know much herself."

"Lynn and I didn't quite hit it off, and three weeks ago she left me. That I thought was all. Today—or rather last night—I had a nasty shock. I discovered that she has been having me watched for nearly three months.

"I've discovered it because she'd had a divorce petition served on me. It absolutely floored me when it came. And the name of the woman she cites in this petition. . . ."

I stuck there and I saw his eyes change. He looked at Stella. "Not you?"

Her head came up and she looked back at him, not flinching or moving at all. Before she could speak I said: "Yes—Stella. I'll never forgive Lynn for this. Of course, it's a completely phoney, trumped-up charge—as I don't think I need to tell you."

After a second or so he glanced down and took out his pouch. With his long, thin hands he began to roll some tobacco into a ball.

"No," he said. "I don't think you need to tell me."

I didn't dare to look at her now. She said slowly: "Is this thing—the petition?"

"I don't know. It may be."

There was a crackle of the paper as she began to unfold it.

"I can't say what hell this is to me, to bring this extra trouble on you both. When I do find Lynn, which should be soon, I'll move heaven and earth to get her to play this thing straight."

He pressed the tobacco down in the bowl of his pipe. "Presumably she wants her divorce, and it may be important to her to be considered the innocent party."

"If she wants the divorce, then I'll give her material for a divorce, but not this way."

After that nobody spoke for a bit, because no one knew what to say next.

"Yes, this is it," Stella said, and put the papers down on the table in front of John. He made no move to look at them.

She said to him: "You know, there isn't a word of truth in this paper, darling."

He looked up at her and smiled. "Have I looked as if I thought there was?"

"No, but you've only heard it from Mike. I wanted you to hear it from me."

MANNERS—6

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Emerson

He patted her hand. "If I didn't trust you I shouldn't trust myself."

There was another deadly hold up, which I broke as soon as I could think of words that would link together.

Stella quietly poured me a drink and brought it to me. She asked John but he shook his head. While we were talking she picked up the petition again and looked through it. The light from the window fell on her pale eyelids and the long, dark, glistening lashes. Presently she dropped the thing down and went out of the room.

There was a long silence. I said: "You've taken this petition, this—this eruption on your private life—without a complaint, without a question. I'm—more than grateful to you for that."

"Well . . . we're all in the mess together, aren't we?"

"Thank you for saying so."

"Shut the window, will you, Mike; the evening's turning chilly for my thin blood. . . . You'll stay to supper?"

"I'd like to."

When I came back from the window he had picked up the petition envelope and was looking at the address but making no attempt to look inside. I said suddenly: "John, tell me how you would feel in my place—or no, not that. Tell me how you'd feel yourself if—if Stella, for instance, had come in with me tonight and said that the things in this petition were true."

"That's two questions, isn't it?—what I'd do in your case and what I'd do in my own."

"What you'd do in your own!"

". . . I'm not at all sure. But being in the shape I am, I think I'd take steps to remove myself from the scene."

"Completely from the scene?"

"Yes. It's a thing a reasonable man may choose to do in certain cases, even though it's not to be approved of generally."

"Perhaps it's the recipe for me."

"No, not for you. You've still plenty of time to pay."

When I left, which I did about nine, I drove into London to see Lynn's

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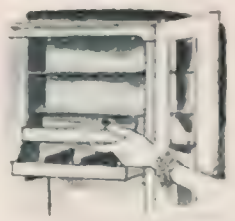

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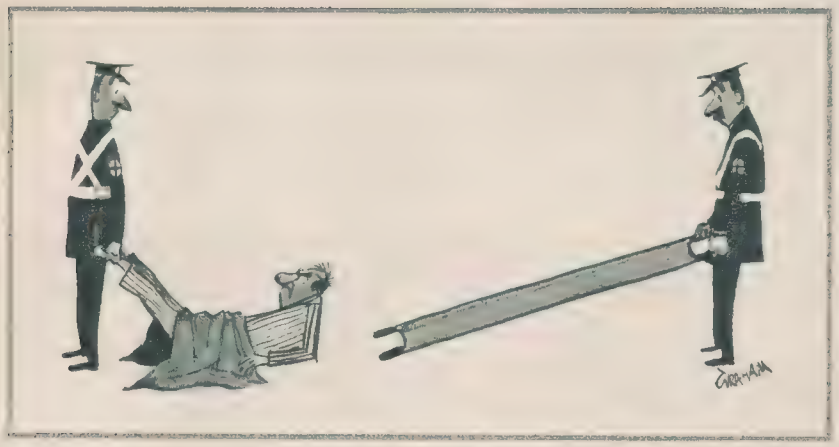

mother again. But she didn't seem able to help me. I booked a room at an hotel in Piccadilly, garaged my car, and walked up to Grosvenor Court Mews. The time was just on midnight and there was a light in Miss Lord's flat but none in the one above. There were two windows of No. 9a looking out over the mews.

At half-past twelve the lights went out in 9. I waited a long time. A policeman glanced at me a couple of times but didn't tell me to move on. At two I went back to the hotel. Evidently Lynn wasn't coming tonight. But tonight was Wednesday. Miss Lord said it was Thursdays Lynn came to pay her rent. . . .

Next afternoon I saw Whiteley again. Once the machinery had been put in motion, there was no real urgency from a legal point of view.

Feeling better because this at least was being taken care of, I came out and got in my car. It was half-past four. The fine weather of the last two weeks was breaking up, and heavy yellow clouds hung over the city. There was no air in Chancery Lane. Tonight being Thursday, there was an obvious date to be kept with Lynn at No. 9a Grosvenor Court Mews. Nothing must interfere with that.

One or two spots of rain fell on the bonnet. A bus ground past followed by a wake of taxis and private cars. I was a bit worried about how things were going at the factory, and thought about going down there. But it would take more than an hour to get to Letherton at this time of the day, and by six everyone would be gone. Better to go straight to Hockbridge, pick up any letters, then go on to Letherton and call on Stella and John. She could tell me what was happening at the works.

I realized that the need to see Stella, great as it had been all week, was each day an increasing one. Life wasn't going to be made any easier by that fact. We had to stop seeing each other. There was no other way.

I drove down to Hockbridge.

BECAUSE of being served with the petition, I hadn't called on Mrs. Lloyd on Tuesday, so I went there first. Kent greeted me with even more than his usual extravagant affection, knocking over a stool to get at me and nearly putting me on my back.

I took him up to the house with me, as he looked as if he needed exercise, and he bounded ahead in an ungainly gallop, his white tail dipping madly. He would have to be sold or given away, I felt upset at the thought of parting with him, but I certainly had no intention of going on living here alone. The Old Bull at Letherton would have to be my home for the next few months.

The sky was still heavy but a more general grey than in central London, and the house was dark when I went in. There was a splay of letters, and I took them into the living-room to read them. I opened the french windows and stood on the top step looking out over the garden.

Nothing in Lynn's writing. A surtax demand I hadn't expected, an account rendered for some provisions, the electricity bill, a postcard for Lynn from some people in the South of France, a letter for Lynn which, after a moment's hesitation, I opened and found to be from the secretary of the local British Legion.

That was the lot. She was evidently going to play out this farce to the bitter end.

There was a flicker of lightning over the trees, and I waited for the rumble of thunder. It came at last, so distant that if I hadn't been expecting it I might not have noticed at all. I wondered what had happened to Kent and then heard him in the hall.

The garden was getting in a mess. Smith had been ill; and then two days a week was not really enough at this time of year. The grass was long and going brown in patches. A downpour would do it all the good in the world.

THERE was another flicker of lightning, even more unimpressive than the first, but the thunder was nearer. Remembering that Kent was inclined to be frightened by storms, I went to find him.

He wasn't in the hall but in the short dark passage to the kitchen. Here a door led down to the cellar, and he was scratching at that. I wondered if he was trying to get away from the storm, so I opened the door and he immediately scuttled in.

I went into the kitchen and wondered why kitchens always come to look neglected quicker than any other room in a house. The water in the sink usually accumulates enough to smell sour, and there's always grease on the stove or stale crumbs somewhere.

I was going into the larder, but heard Kent barking excitedly, the way he did when he was enjoying himself, so I went to the cellar steps. I switched on the light and went down.

Everything down here would be a legacy for the new owners. There wasn't a thing of value—an old bedstead, some packing cases, a table with a broken leg, spare rolls of wallpaper, some buckets and cleaning things. The bedstead *we'd* inherited.

Kent was in the coal cellar, scratching at the anthracite, ears cocked and tail wagging in brief interested bursts. We hadn't paid for the anthracite yet. We'd be getting an account rendered for that.

It was shadowy and dark where he was scratching at the great pile. The small stuff was constantly rattling as he brought it rolling down. I saw he'd got something under his paws.

I said sharply: "Come away, Kent; come away! What the hell are you doing?"

At the tone of my voice he stopped, head on one side, staring at me with his idiotic white face, then he yelped excitedly and went back to his scrabbling. Suddenly I kicked at him, and the tone of his yelping changed as he jumped away. The thing he had unearthed appeared to be a human hand and arm.

Still uncertain, I went a step closer, and then started back with a gulp that choked me. Doing so I thrust away a pile of anthracite with my foot and all the surface began to move. Like a black tide it rattled down, partly covering the hand and arm but revealing farther up the face.

I had no difficulty in recognizing it; nor the single turquoise ear-ring in a darkly mottled ear.

I had found Lynn at last.

To be continued next week

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DON'T SAY SQUASH, SAY **Quosh**

ORANGE • LEMON • GRAPEFRUIT • LIME • ORANGE BARLEY • LEMON BARLEY

Continued from page 13

of the forest, and understood why most of the pictures I had seen in books showed dead gorillas propped against trees or in the arms of hunters. They had to shoot the gorillas and carry them out of the gloom before they could take a camera shot.

Near the summit of the mountain Kasciula stopped and pointed to the ground. Elephant spoor, but not fresh. We went on, and again he stopped. This time there was an air of expectation about him. I looked and saw the track of a gorilla. There was the print of the heel, and the marks made by the beast's knuckles as he went along on all fours. A slight shiver went up the back of my neck as I realized that only a short time before a gorilla had walked this trail.

I saw light ahead, and we came out of the forest on to a rocky plateau. The bright sun almost blinded me, but it made me feel happier about my prospects for pictures. If only we could spot a gorilla in an open area like this!

Kasciula grunted. I knew that he had seen something. It was a few seconds before I located it—an almost black head emerging cautiously from the green leaves. A long hairy arm reached out and pushed some branches aside, then the gorilla hunched himself on all fours into the open.

I was prepared for something big, of course, but the massive solidity of this great ape appalled me. I was filled with a tremendous and mounting sensation of excitement and exhilaration." I was jubilant over our good fortune in locating so quickly this most seclusive of beasts, and I felt a combination of awe, fear, and admiration at the sight of his massive bulk, the epitome of brute strength.

As he moved along the edge of the trees, his head wagging from side to side, there was something of grace in him. Even though his knuckles touched the ground at every step he was startlingly human—not a burlesque of the human, such as you find in many monkeys and baboons.

He must have heard us, or caught our movement, for he stopped, turned in our direction, stood up and peered more intently. His fist went to his chest, and I heard the sound for which gorillas are most famous. There was no cry, no roar, no scream—just a pounding tom-tom sound as from a muffled drum. And that's precisely what the beating of the chest was—the signal of a drum.

A wizened old pygmy, less than five feet tall, with brittle, spindly arms and a grey wool fuzz on head and chin, led me to a rocky ledge that rose about three feet above a grassy glade sloping down toward the thick jungle growth. There on the edge of the grass, in the deep shade, stood four gorillas—apparently father, mother, and two youngsters. Father heard us and looked up inquiringly. He dropped a succulent stalk on which he had been feeding and communicated a mild warning to his family, who retreated among the trees. When he saw that they were safe, he turned back towards us and stared.

I set my camera. All other thoughts fled—even thoughts of my own safety. Quickly I calculated the strength of the light. I could not wait calmly as he shuffled slowly towards us, and I clambered down the rocky ledge and ran swiftly across the grass, breaking the most elementary rule in dealing with all wild animals, which is *Never Run*!

There was only one interpretation he could put on my actions—I was charging to attack.

I was so engrossed with the camera that I did not see or sense the sudden change that had come over the lumbering brute. Curiosity was instantly converted to fury, a fury which erupted like an explosion. Through my view-finder I saw him raise himself to his full height, turn his body towards me, and open his mouth for a cry of rage. As I pressed the shutter button his scream split the air. It was a shriek of such intense, blind, unadulterated fury that I was terrified.

The maddened gorilla dropped on all fours and started for me. He obviously intended to tear me to pieces. Fear, excruciating and almost paralysing fear, struck every part of me. I thought that my knees would buckle and that my heart would stop beating.

But somehow my legs moved, and I raced for the ledge, expecting at any moment to feel the overpowering clutch of long hairy arms.

I reached the ledge, and started to swing my right leg up when my shoe slipped off. It may sound foolish, I know, to save a shoe at the risk of death, but my action was almost automatic. I stretched down and shoved it back on my foot. The old fuzzy-haired pygmy reached down a bony arm. I grasped it, and it was just the leverage I needed to vault up.

The gorilla was still coming, only about ten paces away. When Kasciula and the other pygmies suddenly appeared he stopped, scowling, snarling, his eyes burning with fiery hatred. Several pygmies lifted their spears high, ready to fling them. Others braced theirs against the ground, the sharp points forming a protective fence in front of me.

The gorilla stood and glared. Finally he ambled slowly back towards his family, looking back occasionally to threaten us with furious snarls, warning us not to follow, not to approach his family again. His two youngsters had climbed a tree to watch the shindig while Mother stood at the bottom. They all barked—a bark halfway between a dog's and a seal's—and then other gorillas took up the cry. I ordered everyone to retreat.

Back at the plantation, Ernsterhoff was delighted at our success, of course, and relieved that everyone had come back safely. I paid off the wonderful pygmies with an extra bonus, and said goodbye. My admiration for these little men was tremendous—for their tracking ability, their woodsmanship, their consideration, and their bravery in facing a gorilla, their willingness to attack it if I gave the word.

They had given me a rare experience: to go unarmed into gorilla country, to face a charging gorilla, take a picture and get away safely. . . .

On first meeting a pygmy, it is almost impossible to avoid staring at him with a kind of disbelief. The true pygmy, the Bambuti of the Ituri Forest, averages four feet in height, and for most of us the only humans that size are children.

Pygmies, however, are obviously *not* children, in spite of a certain childlike quality, a naïve directness, about them. Some have grey kinky hair and chin whiskers, and faces wrinkled like a butternut. There are three-feet-nine-inch matrons with babies on their hips, suspended in a kind of sling from the shoulder, and the shortness of the mothers is accentuated because pygmy babies are normal size, as large as ours at the same age. They just stop growing when they are about ten years old.

You cannot know much about pygmies if you merely stop along the road from Irumu to Mombasa and have your picture taken with what are now called "Cook's Pygmies" because they have become a standard tourist attraction.

When I first visited Africa, the road was relatively new and few tourists travelled that way. Now, of course, changes have been made. After the road came clearings made by the Bantus, little villages where they grow plantains and beans and rice. Since some pygmies occasionally visit those villages, a few have become more familiar with the road and the incredible men and machines that travel on it. They may pose for pictures or even stage a lacklustre dance.

The Bantus of the villages and the pygmies have developed a strange interdependency. Only through the Bantu villagers can one make contact with the Bambuti pygmies of the Ituri. If you want to buy a pygmy bow and arrow, a spear or a souvenir, you must purchase it from the Bantu who "owns" the pygmy. If you need pygmy guides or hunters, you negotiate with the Bantu "masters."

None of these terms is quite correct, nor do they give the right impression of the relationship of Bantu and pygmy. The little Bambuti are not slaves, by any means—they are, on the contrary, fiercely independent and jealous of their rights and prerogatives. A Bantu may say that he "owns" a certain number of pygmies, but he could not, for instance, remove the pygmy from the forest if he tried—and he would never dream of trying.

I met my first pygmies in 1937 with the help of Kalumé, chief of a Bantu village on the eastern edge of the Ituri Forest. The Bantus are made up of scores of different tribes. Those in this region were the Banande, among whom Kalumé was an important leader, a genuine *sultani* with many *capitas*, or subchiefs, beneath him.

Kalumé, a tall and well-muscled man in a long toga, greeted Cézaire and me with friendliness and courtesy. Business with him was easily conducted: a little something for him and his *capitas*, salt, palm oil and other gifts for the Bambuti pygmies—that was all.

I wanted to see pygmies in their own homes, in their natural surroundings. A pygmy standing self-consciously on display in a Bantu village would be too much like a lion in a zoo or an elephant in a circus. So Kalumé took me a few miles through the Ituri Forest, after sending on a messenger to let the pygmies know that white men were coming with gifts.

Eventually, we stepped from the half

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Will Shakespeare was punished for poaching at Charlecote. Later, he took his revenge

The story goes that one day in 1583 young William Shakespeare went poaching in Charlecote Park, in Warwickshire. He stole some rabbits and a buck whose descendants inhabit the park today. The owner of Charlecote, Sir Thomas Lucy, was the resident magistrate. He summoned Shakespeare before him and in the great hall at Charlecote pronounced judgment. In retaliation the poet wrote ribald verses about "lowsie Lucy" and stuck them on the gatehouse.

Some years later, Shakespeare finally paid off old scores by bringing Lucy on to the stage as a figure of fun, first in *Henry IV* (Part II), and then in *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*.

It is easy to identify Robert Shallow—the country justice who had a "dozen white luces" his coat of arms—with Sir Thomas Lucy. Shakespeare pokes fun at Shallow's special weakness, his pride in his old coat of arms and his long descent. The Lucys are one of the oldest families of Warwickshire and have lived at Charlecote since the twelfth century.

"'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich," Falstaff says to Shallow, a remark which might well apply to the handsome red-brick house which Sir Thomas had rebuilt in a splendid style in 1558 and which is now owned by the National Trust.

Here he entertained Queen Elizabeth in August, 1572, when she was on her way from staying with the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle.

Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600. His grandson, another Sir Thomas, was reigning at Charlecote when Shakespeare returned to Stratford. The ex-poacher was now a man of position, with a coat of arms himself. Young Sir Thomas, unlike his grandfather, loved books. There is a legend in the Lucy family that the two men were on the friendliest terms. At any rate there is in the library at Charlecote an edition, dated 1619, of *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*—perhaps a present from the author to Justice Shallow's grandson. And today a white marble bust of Shakespeare stands in Justice Shallow's own hall.

How to get there: Charlecote Park is four miles east of Stratford-on-Avon (W.R.). *Open:* April to September: daily (except Fridays), 11.15 till 5.45.

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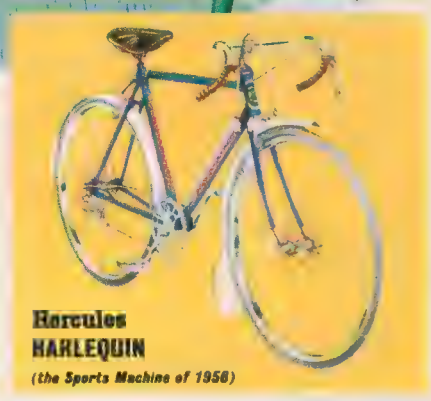

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light of the forest into a clearing, where shafts of the sun's rays cut the gloom like a shining sword. I stopped, blinked, and looked at a dozen leafy beehives about four feet high and six feet in diameter—pygmy homes.

I stood beside Kalumé, his two *capitas*, and Cézaire, waiting for the pygmies to appear. But not a creature stirred. We could hear nothing but our own breathing.

My eye caught a movement of a leaf on the other side of the clearing, a glimpse of a coppery face, then nothing but leaves. I realized that dozens of eyes were staring at us, and it gave me an uncanny feeling.

Finally Kalumé called out, "Aputo! Manzaele! Nzala!" and cried to the unseen pygmies that the *bwana* had brought salt and was a friend. In a moment the leaves parted at several points as three small figures appeared, hesitant, watchful, dignified but shy. They stopped fifteen feet in front of us and stared.

"*Itiri!*" said Kalumé, saying hello in their own Kilese tongue.

"*Itiri bonocha,*" replied one of the little men, to let Kalumé know that the pygmies were glad to see him.

Other figures emerged slowly until a group of about thirty pygmies, men, women and children, stood in the clearing.

I was looking at Adam's cousin, at a remnant of "dawn man." I stood face to face with the primitive, just as I had wanted, and it stared at me wonderingly, then smiled. I smiled back, and twenty thousand years began to fade away. . . .

Each time I returned to Africa I visited the Bambuti pygmies, who are so thoroughly primitive that even three long visits failed to satisfy my curiosity about them.

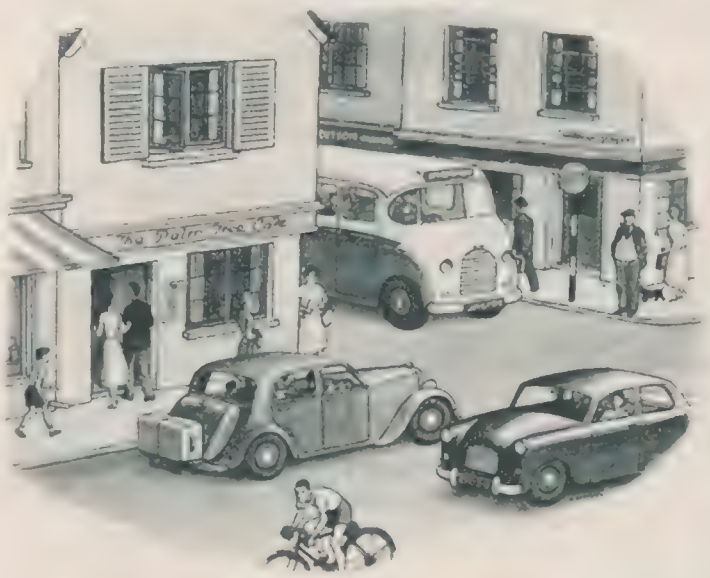
No one from the outside is capable of entering the depths of the Ituri to live as the pygmies live—hunting elephants with twenty-inch bows and slim spears, finding their way unerringly and in a straight line from one point in the hostile, cluttered jungle to another many miles away.

They eat roots which our stomachs cannot digest, drink water which, without boiling, would make us deathly sick, and devour with gusto anything from caterpillars to bats, snakes and, on occasion, snacks of humans.

Who else can scoop handfuls of honey from a bees' nest without getting stung by the clouds of angry bees? Or swallow sand when hunger's pangs are severe and no food is at hand?

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 52



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

On my second and third trips, I had to do more than try to understand the pygmies; I had to capture some of that understanding on film, feature-length films in colour to be shown throughout the civilized world.

In 1946, I had plenty of variety and all the stars and extras I could hope for. Perhaps the largest gathering of Ituri Forest pygmies in one spot took place, largely through the help of Bill Deans, an American missionary. For more than twenty years he has given help, friendship, and encouragement to every outsider who came near the Ituri with serious purpose.

With his help and that of the Bantu chiefs, I settled down for a long stay with the pygmies. I pitched my tent at one side of a clearing such as I had never expected to find in the Ituri. It was fully two hundred feet across.

On the far side there were already about twenty pygmy huts and the pygmies who had guided me through the jungle started to build their own houses near these.

It was too late in the day to take any pictures, but I wandered about, looking around for activities that could be filmed later.

I stopped at one house to watch a woman putting the finishing touches, tucking in leaves until the whole thing looked good and waterproof. The little door was so low that I don't know if I could have gone into it even on hands and knees, as the pygmies did. I learned later that one reason for the small door was to make it difficult for evil spirits to enter.

A couple of smooth logs to sleep on, the family jars or pots, the man's weapons—bow and arrow, spear, and perhaps a knife—were the total furnishings of the pygmy house. At night the occupants usually started a fire inside to drive away the chill dampness of the ground, and to keep away insects and leopards.

The next morning, I found about seventy-five pygmies in and around the clearing. During the evening of our arrival I had heard the drums, and knew that the message was going out that the *bwana bukuba* had arrived, the white man bearing many gifts.

On the third day more pygmies arrived, and the day after that still more. By the fifth day at least five hundred pygmies had established themselves in and near the big clearing—far more than I could possibly use for pictures, so many in fact that they got in each other's way.

We managed to take pictures of many scenes of daily pygmy life and a few more exciting events especially staged. We filmed the making of huts; women going off into the forest for firewood, greens, and herbs, each with a baby rocking on one hip. A mother never puts her baby down on the ground, even for a moment—there are too many animals at hand.

This explains, of course, why pygmy women always kill one of twin babies the moment it is born. They just cannot handle two babies at a time. Pygmy women never eat the tiny double bananas about the size of one's finger because they think it will cause them to have twins—and the only thing worse than this is sterility.

I filmed the making of bark cloth, a task in which the men often join the women. Bark is stripped from six different trees and nine different vines, soaked in water, then pounded between two stones. Alternate soaking and pounding produces a broad, soft, and fairly tough cloth rather like felt, which is sometimes dyed purple by boiling with berries and roots.

One of the vines used for bark cloth is called, in English, the trellis-work fig tree, a powerful parasite. One of these vines will start growing up the trunk of a huge ironwood tree which is just about the hardest wood known, and eventually chokes it.

Later I saw some pygmy children playing a game which they call by the name of the vine. One child, who is "it," stands in a circle of other children, who dance and chant as they close in. The "it" child answers with its own chant and tries to break out of the circle. "It" is the ironwood tree, and the others are the trellis-work fig tree that will not let it loose.

Out of the many days I have spent in the Ituri Forest, a kind of composite day emerges from my memories—a normal, quiet day in the Ituri, when I stayed at the clearing, watching and listening, taking such pictures as presented themselves when the light was right. There were many days like this.

In the morning I awaken to the sound of the loud voice of the chief hunter, calling out the day's plans to the whole encampment—which groups will hunt on which trails and with which weapons, what special chores the women may have and so on.

Other voices come to me as the pygmies emerge from their houses, and in a few minutes one or two voices are raised in anger. Soon some of the men are quarrelling violently.

The morning is dark and grey, with no blue showing in the open space above. This accounts for all the quarrelling. Pygmies are as easily depressed as elated. A rainy or dull day puts them in bad humour as they awaken.

Usually, by breakfast time, the air has cleared. Breakfast takes some time to prepare, for it is often as big as dinner and must sustain the pygmies through the day, for they take no other food.

As breakfast ends there are loud sighs of contentment, cheerful talk of plans for the day, jokes. Three or four young men take up their bows and arrows and start a kind of target practice, shooting at a broad leaf on the other side of the clearing. I ask them to shoot at bananas thrown into the air. They are delighted and show remarkable accuracy, one banana being pierced with three arrows almost simultaneously.

There is no big hunt today, so I decide to stay in the clearing and get what pictures I can. I am delighted to find some of the newly arrived pygmies forging iron spearheads. Few pygmies know this art but prefer to buy their ironware already fashioned by the Negro villagers on the edge of the forest.

These pygmies have obtained their iron from the village, since they have lost the art of smelting their own ore. They now use the leaves of broken automobile springs. I would not have found a piece of spring in the middle of the Ituri Forest in 1937. By 1954 that was the standard raw material.

In another clearing men are compounding the poison for their arrows from a root they have beaten into a pulp. The arrows are notched about an inch behind the point—just like the arrows of the head-hunting Jivaros in South America. The purpose is the same, to prevent a monkey pulling out the arrow as soon as it is struck. When it pulls, the arrow breaks at the notch, and the poisoned point stays in the flesh long enough to kill the animal.

Behind one hut I see a boy and a girl talking. They are about eleven or twelve, although pygmies are usually fully grown at that age, so one must guess the age by a juvenile look. The boy and girl walk towards the woods together. Sexual relations between youngsters are promiscuous but not flaunted.

All this changes drastically at marriage, however, for fidelity stands high in the pygmy moral code. Husbands and wives guard each other jealously and the only crime worse than adultery is stealing game from another man's trap. Only these two violations of the code may lead one pygmy to kill another in these relatively peaceful days.

The more common procedure, in the case of adultery, is a thorough-going beating administered by husband to the wife, and perhaps to the offending male, although the latter may make amends by paying over a number of arrows or a spear.

The marriage relationship among pygmies is surprisingly complicated for so primitive a society. The task of finding a wife is a serious problem for young men, because of the economic value of women. Women may be valued for individual qualities, but as a whole they are looked upon as essential workers and as the producers of more pygmies.

A family group will not let a girl go without acquiring another in return. Thus there has arisen the "head for head" system, called in Kingwana *kichwa-kichwa.*

A young man of sixteen or seventeen may find in a neighbouring group a girl of thirteen or fourteen he would like to marry. The basis for his choice may depend in part on her beauty and figure, but her aptitude for hard work carries more weight.

The young man must not only win the consent of the girl's father and pay over to him a purchase price, but he must also become match-maker and persuade a girl in his own family group to marry a young man in the same neighbouring group.

When a young man has overcome these preliminary difficulties, arranged a match to meet the requirements of *kichwa-kichwa,* and gained the consent of the girl's father, a price is agreed. It may be six arrows and a spear, or eight arrows and so much bark cloth, or four arrows and a good piece of iron. The deal is made, and the girl goes home with her husband, without ceremony of any kind. But this is far from the end.

Whenever the wife bears a child, the husband makes an additional payment to her father. Even if she has no child, he makes another payment at the end of six months or a year when both parties to the marriage decide that it will probably work out all right.

Although pygmy marriage might be called trial marriage, very strong factors are brought to bear to make marriages stick. Only sterility is deemed complete justification for the return of a wife, or the taking of another wife.

This all sounds businesslike, cut and dried. But sometimes a love affair develops that goes against economics and *kichwa-kichwa,* and the young lovers may elope. The girl's father will track them down and bring the girl home, but the man may persist and abduct her again. About the third or fourth time, parents of both boy and girl may come to terms. But it is rare for love to overcome convention.

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group and never with her husband.

It is perfectly all right for her husband to beat her once in a while, if only to remind her who is boss. But there are limits beyond which he cannot go. If he beats his wife too hard or too often, if he philanders regularly, if he fails to provide moderately well, if he is constantly mean to the children—then the wife will walk home to her family.

The abandoned husband finds himself in a difficult situation. He is suddenly without the chief workhorse—the person who made his house, gathered his firewood, brought his water, searched for his vegetables, cooked his meals, took care of his children, helped him hunt with nets. He realizes that a wife is an absolute necessity, so he goes to win her back.

He can succeed by making a further payment to her family and promising to avoid the acts which drove her away in the first place. I was told that occasionally unscrupulous families milked a man dry by having the wife run away regularly.

I have heard that pygmies enjoy a game of tug-of-war and decide to film it, if I can persuade them to participate. When I start to select about twenty-five men and twenty-five women—this is to be a battle of the sexes—there is a sudden shyness over the crowd in the clearing. All those not selected act as if they had been punished for something they did not understand.

I decide that some of the shots would be better if taken from an elevation,

MANNERS—7

Really good manners are quite irresistible.

Gilbert Harding

and a dozen eager volunteers help me to make a platform about ten feet high. It is a little shaky, but firm enough once the cameraman who is helping me gets set. I handle a camera on the ground and direct my actors, who try to pull their opponents across a little stream that wanders through one side of the clearing.

At first they tug hard and earnestly, but then their gaiety gets the better of them. Some fall down and knock others over, laughing and shouting. Eventually the men pull the women through the stream and everyone cheers. I thank the players and pass out an extra *matabishi* of salt.

Men and women rarely touch each other in public, not even in their dances. In the tug-of-war each person in a team grabs the waist of the one in front to form a human chain, and teams are not mixed.

The sun has dipped below the treetops on the western side of the clearing, and a group of hunters come home—one with a monkey, another with a snake, and a group of three with a young antelope. The game is divided according to standard regulations that have apparently existed for centuries.

The first and prize portions go to the hunter who actually struck the fatal blow. A piece is tossed into the woods for the spirits. If the hunter used another's bow, the owner of the bow gets a prize piece. The owner of the hunting dog, if there was one, gets a special piece. Other members of the hunting party come next, and then all others in the family group of the village.

Fires flicker as the women and girls prepare the evening meal. Dinner is served on leaves on the ground, and the pygmies eat as long as there is anything in the pot. This is the happy time of day. No bickering, no screaming now. The only sounds are sounds of happiness and contentment.

The dusk deepens and someone begins to tap out a rhythm on the drums, while a reedlike flute or whistle makes unmelodious melody. I see some young men tapping their feet, waving their hands with the rhythm of the drums, and the desire to dance spreads around the clearing like an engulfing wave. Soon there are fifteen men and women following one another around in a circle, waving arms, singing, laughing, stamping.

Pygmies can go on dancing for four or five hours when they are enjoying themselves and have good drummers. They can dance all night long when the moon is full and no outsiders are there to watch.

This time the dance ends after about two hours. One by one the families disappear through the tiny doors. Finally I, too, turn in. A mixed feeling of awe and pleasure comes over me as I realize that I am in the heart of the Ituri Forest, living among the remnants of prehistoric man. . . .

A red-letter day during my second trip to the Ituri Forest was the day I filmed the elephant dance. That was the highlight of the scores of dances I saw pygmies perform. The day before, a group of hunters had killed an elephant, and brought back to the village many big chunks of meat, which the women had cooked with roots and herbs of various kinds.

I stared aghast at the quantities of meat that disappeared into pygmy stomachs. Seven or eight pounds went down the throats of most of the men there—and not a great deal less into those of the women and children. The skin over their bellies was stretched tight until it seemed that it should hurt.

When pygmies have a lot of food, they eat all that they can hold. They have neither the facilities nor inclination to keep anything for the next day—except inside themselves.

As they finished eating they appeared to be drugged, supremely happy but anaesthetized. They sank back where they sat and fell asleep, one by one.

By noon next day they had regained strength that matched their high spirits, so they danced. Obviously, the dance had to recreate the elephant hunt, with the actual hunters as dancers. Luck was with me, for the sun was bright, and I got one of the best sequences I ever filmed.

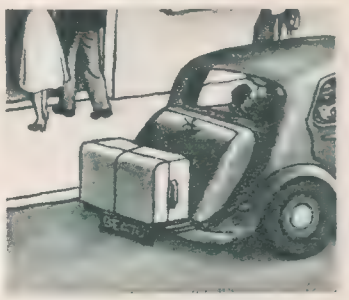
The pygmies had to build a model of their elephant first and it was interesting to see how, in the reconstruction, they cut him down to size. Their model was no taller than the pygmies themselves. Two upright sticks driven into the ground were the legs, a larger log between them the body, and for the tail they used the tail of the elephant they had killed the day before.

The tail holds a special significance for the pygmies. I learned that it was usually thrown away because, if a pygmy woman saw it, she believed that she would become sterile. Only the tail of a freshly killed elephant carried its dread power over fertility.

Huge phrynium leaves at the front end of the log made realistic elephant ears, but the best touch was the curved banana stalk which served as a trunk. This admirable figure stood in the centre of the clearing, and the hunters

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 51



LUGGAGE on a car must be so secured that "danger is not likely to be caused to any person on a road by reason of the load or any part thereof falling from the vehicle," says the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations of 1951. A barrister-at-law adds that having an insecure load is an offence even if it does not fall off. Penalty £20.

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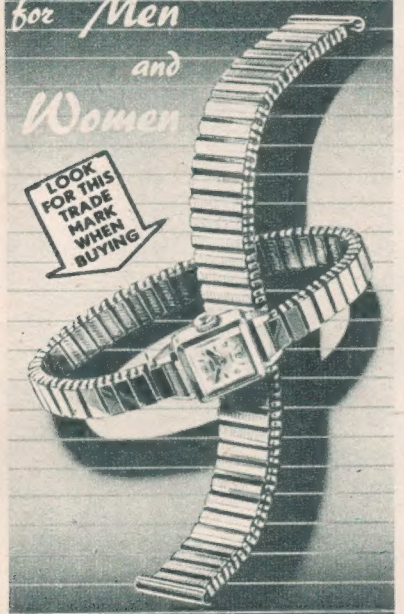
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EP 68/56

retired to the edge of the forest, armed with their frail spears, and with bright parrot feathers in their hair.

The drummers began a low, slow beat, and the five hunters led by their leader, Edodo, appeared suddenly and silently at the edge of the clearing. They were all wary, cautious and eager as they searched for the elephant, looking first this way, then that.

The acting of these pygmies was as expressive as any I had ever seen. They not only told their story convincingly but projected to the audience the emotions they felt in the hunt. Their faces showed excitement, eagerness and extreme caution at the same time.

A suppressed joy brought quick smiles as they found the trail and they moved warily forward together. The drums increased their tempo. Bodies bent over, spears ready, the hunters weaved towards the centre of the clearing, indicating that they had travelled many miles after their prey. As they tracked down the big beast, the drums went imperceptibly faster, and I found my breath following suit.

Suddenly came a moment so electric in its impact that I jumped and almost stopped turning the camera. The drums gave one louder boom and Edodo jerked erect, threw his arms back, and stared with both fear and elation at the dummy elephant, which somehow became, in our eyes, a true mammoth quietly eating grass and ferns in the jungle. As the hunters retired seven or eight paces to consult on strategy, the drums took up a very soft but rapid beat.

The hunters conferred, gestured, then separated to form a half circle closing in on the animal from the rear. Edodo was chosen to cast the first spear, as he had on the real hunt the day before.

The pygmies have many ways of hunting elephants. In that used on their kill of the previous day, the first hunter creeps up from the rear, and downwind. He is smeared with elephant dung to cover his own scent. Finally, he dashes in close, plunges his spear into the elephant's soft belly, pulls it out, and runs away.

The elephant bellows and whirls on him, but another hunter dashes up and drives his spear into the beast, which turns to counter-attack on that side. A third hunter snatches this moment to dart in, and so on until the elephant has been speared in four or five places.

This was the dramatic scene the dancers were about to re-enact. The hunters pantomimed the brief tracking of the wounded elephant, then fell upon him all together, plunging their spears at the dummy ferociously until they knocked it over. The drums boomed and the whole village cheered, chattered, laughed.

With abandoned frenzy the hunters danced round the fallen mock elephant, and several little boys dashed from the crowd to join them. The entire village took up the dance, jumping and cavorting around the clearing in perfect time to the drumbeats but in no kind of pattern that might be called an organized dance. It was not particularly beautiful, but the joy of the dancers made it a delight to watch.

I had stopped the cameras by this time. I had the elephant dance itself on two cameras, and the light had been fine. When it appeared in *Savage Splendour*, it was one of the memorable sequences of the film.

Seeing the whole dance was an experience I'll never forget. It carried more meaning, more significant dramatic impact, than any dance I have seen in all my travels in Africa.

But later I was to share the high tension and danger of a real hunt, and to capture some of the most thrilling film sequences I have ever made, as daredevil pygmy acrobats threw a bridge across a torrential river.

NEXT WEEK: I meet the king of Africa's athletic giants

"Zanzabuku" by Lewis Cotlow will be published in the autumn as a book by Robert Hale at 18s.

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Robots on the march

Continued from page 27

wiring will take the place of human nerve fibres.

At Birkbeck College, London, scientists have built a "brain" which can translate texts from one language to another. I forecast that within ten years it will be practicable to have robot train drivers, robot miners, robot road-menders — robots, indeed, performing the bulk of the nation's routine industrial and commercial work. Given the money and facilities, we could start building them now.

Robots do not, of course, look like human beings. They are built of different materials. We do not yet know enough about biology to construct robots of the same materials as human beings, though that is by no means impossible in the future. When we have learned enough about living tissue, it may well become possible for a man to exchange his worn-out human heart for a new man-made one.

But the robot imitation of human behaviour is now possible beyond doubt. One significant advance which has recently been made by work both in this country and in America is about the inventiveness of machines.

The layers upon layers of electrical relays which make up an electronic computer or "brain," can store away experience, and use it in the future to answer problems. In fact, the computer can learn. It has now been shown, theoretically, that it can also use its accumulated experience to improvise, making use of its environment. That is, it can invent.

It is often objected that the robots are essentially different from humans because they can do only what the scientist builds into them to do. A robot whistles only because a scientist has put a whistle into it.

But this is equally true of humans. All humans do only what it is built into them to do. Without a built-in larynx, a man cannot talk. Without a built-in nervous system (curiously similar to the wiring system of an electronic brain), a man cannot think.

Work on brain injuries at several of our hospitals makes it clear that when certain physical parts of the brain are damaged, the human doesn't work properly—just as a machine.

And when scientists have built the "thinking" apparatus into an electronic machine—and this is the real test—they cannot tell exactly what the machine will do with its built-in experience, simply because the number of combinations, even on the basis of a few starting assumptions, is so large.

The construction of a robot Shakespeare, even in theory, still awaits much greater knowledge of living tissue. Unless the robot is built of such tissue, it cannot have emotions, and, without emotions, it cannot be creative of thought, as the human brain is creative. But I would not care to prophesy that sufficient knowledge of living tissue will never be attained.

Meanwhile, there are the social implications of the robot machines, in so far as they already exist, or can, to our certain knowledge, be constructed.

We could start now to build machines that would eventually take over all the unpleasant, dirty jobs of human society.

It is a grim thought that one of those dirty jobs is fighting wars. The application of electronic machines to the closing stages of the last war was remarkable. There has been much scientific progress since then. It is not too Wellsian to envisage man constructing machines that would not only fight for him, but reproduce themselves to replace casualties. That process might be very difficult to stop.

That prospect, fantastic as it sounds in 1956, is one more serious argument for an international control of science, already demanded by the progress of scientific invention in other methods of destruction. THE END

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 9), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 26, for early news of No. 2,038 result.)

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